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THE VOICES OF THE SEA.

ALONG the shell-wreathed, shining strand
 The old and young went to and fro ;
 The sinking sun filled all the land
 With evening's rich and ruddy glow.
 The hot clouds in the amber west
 Lit up the sea-kissed shingly bars,
 And weary ones who longed for rest
 Waited the dawning of the stars.

There came the murmur of the sea
 Along the soft sands of the shore ;
 'Twas laden with deep mystery,
 And music strange was in its roar.
 And, as the voices of its waves
 Were borne upon the listening ears,
 They sang alike of songs and graves,
 Of sunny hearts and sacred tears.

There passed a little blue-eyed boy,
 As sank the sun on ocean's brim ;
 Naught but the sound of endless joy
 Across the red waves came to him.
 For his bright fancy chased the sun
 O'er seas of emerald and gold ;
 And the sweet life he had begun,
 Its first fair scenes had now unrolled.

With merry heart a maiden came,
 The shining, sunlit sands along,
 To her the sea bore one dear name
 Amidst the burden of its song ;
 And the ten thousand glitterings
 That stretched across the sunlit bay,
 Seemed messengers on golden wings
 From her true loved one far away.

There came a man of full fourscore
 Into the twilight all alone,
 To him the sea broke on the shore
 With solemn sway and sullen moan ;
 The voices of the bygone years
 Came faintly on its sad refrain ;
 Yet when he called, mid rising tears,
 On friends, they answered not again.

Still sank the sun. Then rose the stars,
 And looked down on the cold grey shore ;
 Still solemnly the moaning bars
 Wailed low their music as of yore.
 And some with sad eyes met the night,
 To pass its watches all forlorn ;
 And some there slept mid visions bright
 Till dawned the fragrant, rosy morn.

All the Year Round.

"GRASS OF PARNASSUS."

O HAPPY singers, and happy song,
 That had never a pang of birth,
 When first in the human heart grew strong
 Earth, and the wonder of Earth !

Had I, too, lived when the Earth was young,
 Earth that is now so old, —
 When Faith and Fancy were of one tongue,
 That are aliens now, and cold ;

Then half of fancy, and half of faith,
 I had woven, fair flower, for thee
 A dream-like legend of love and death,
 To match thy purity.

For not the drooping flower by the stream,
 Nor the flower that is written with woe,
 To the Earth has lent a lovelier gleam,
 To the heart a holier glow.

But now I should mock thy loveliness,
 Or do thee despite, fair flower,
 By a fable fashioned in antique dress,
 As an actor tricked for an hour.

Rather I gather thee reverently
 From thy place in the rush-grown sod,
 And think, frail flower, were it only for thee,
 I should know that God is God !

For if haply a power that was not divine,
 Or the forces of earth or air,
 Could have moulded matter to life like mine,
 Or made thee a form so fair ;

Yet only the God whom we love as Love
 Could so have made me and thee,
 That thou by thy simple beauty canst move
 Such a world of love in me.

Rydal, September, 1883.

F. W. B.

Spectator.

ARIADNE.

SHE stood on the sands of the shelving shore
 (The summer blooms and the autumn glows)
 And the languor of loving her eyes down-bore
 For the ever gone — and the never more
 (For the autumn reaps and the summer sows).

Afar o'er the orient ocean gleams
 (The summer blooms and the autumn glows),
 Love like a vanishing vision seems
 Sailing to distances dim of dreams
 (For the autumn reaps and the summer sows).

With the hate of love, and the love of hate
 (The summer blooms and the autumn glows),
 She murmuring moans — Too late ! too late !
 For woman is wonted to wait and wait
 (While the autumn reaps and the summer sows).

A perfume pierced with a breath and bloom
 (The summer blooms and the autumn glows),
 And lo ! at her side in a glimmering gloom
 A God — and Love was no longer doom
 (For the autumn reaps and the summer sows).

Blackwood's Magazine.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE RELIGION OF THE PARIS OUVRIER.

PARIS *ouvriers* are supposed to be the most irreligious people in the world; but those who have seen the way they keep the fête of the republic, July 14th, the anniversary of the first great day of the Revolution, will be of a different opinion. If any one will leave the cosmopolitan and official part of Paris for the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, or any other locality inhabited chiefly by the working classes, he will soon discover that the *ouvrier's* devotion to the Revolution rises to the height of religious enthusiasm. Nothing, perhaps, is so touching, or so carries home that conviction, as the sight of the narrow side streets, mere wynds, festooned from end to end with wreaths and Chinese lanterns and the beautiful tricolor. And then, at night to witness the solemn satisfaction of the lines of family groups arm in arm, who parade these unfashionable quarters, enjoying with all their souls the great triumph they celebrate. No one pushes, no one laughs, nor talks loudly, the only shadow of excitement is the hurried movement of some enthusiastic young man, who moves rapidly through the crowd carrying a flag and crying, "Vive la révolution sociale!"

It is impossible to read Zola's "*L'Assommoir*," and Denis Poulot's "*Le Sublime et le Travailleur*," without having all sentimental notions concerning the Paris *ouvrier* destroyed. The former, however, notwithstanding its moral power, conveys no truer idea concerning him than Hogarth's "Beer Lane and Gin Alley" did of the London workman in the eighteenth century; while the latter, more authentic and full of valuable information, is written from so utilitarian a point of view that it does but little justice to the real soul of the Paris *ouvrier*.

In the *Nouvelle Revue*, early in 1882, M. Louis Pauliat, sketching its *classe populaire* of Paris, describes its disinterestedness as so extraordinary that no explanation adequately accounts for it, except that which exhibits the Paris *ouvrier's* faith in the Revolution as rising to the level of a religion. "The defini-

tion of a man," says the essayist, "as a religious animal, is profoundly true." It is, as it were, a fatality of his physiology to want an idea more or less confused of something to which he defers, and which he regards as superior to himself, and which to his mind commands and dominates all things. The most ardent negationists escape it so little that, without suspecting it, and by a natural determination, it is impossible for them to avoid a sectarian spirit, and they immediately erect their negations into absolute belief, *i.e.*, into religion. "Now all the idealities, all the mystic effusions, that strength of a power so curious which we call faith, the plenitude of conscience and conviction which all religion inspires in its believers, that existence, extra-terrestrial and beyond the present life which the faithful possess in the form of hope and aspiration, in a word, all that which marks, constitutes, and accompanies the religious sentiment, the people of Paris transfer to and spend on politics."

The origin of this state of mind is, in the essayist's opinion, to be traced to the Revolution, "which, if studied in its depths, and in its general movement among the nations, will be found everywhere to overflow with those humanitarian, philanthropic ideas and that human fraternity which is the ground and charm of the New Testament." He considers that this thought explains and binds together all the systems, philosophic, economic, political, and social, which have appeared since the Revolution, and which certain sections of the people of Paris have received with favor; such systems as those of Saint-Simon, Fourier, Cabet, P. Leroux, J. Reynaud, and the majority of the Socialists. "There is not one of them," he says, "which does not begin in the gospel or end there." He is, in fact, so sure of his ground that he does not fear to assert, as the final result of his analysis, that the *classe populaire* of Paris would differ little from what it is, had it been taught by the apostles in person, and that its most advanced tribunes, even those who most oppose Christianity, are only the *epigoni* in the nineteenth century of St. Peter and St. Paul.

That there is a great foundation of truth in what M. Pauliat says cannot be denied, but the connection between this popular faith and the teaching of Jesus Christ ought to be more distinctly traced, and the points where it has separated and become opposed to his doctrine more clearly shown.

The great prophet of the Revolution, the man who represents it above all others, was Rousseau. He not only gave it ideas, but was an exact type of its temperament. With an instinctive feeling of his representative character, he told the world in his famous "Confessions" how his ideas and character were formed. That book might well pass as an analysis of the mind and soul of the people of Europe in the eighteenth century — what the masses of Christendom vaguely felt, after ages of feudal oppressions, mingled with evangelical teaching. Timid, suspicious, mean, dirty in their habits and tone of mind, the people preserved in their innermost heart the true ideal of Christianity. The echo of that voice which was first heard in the synagogue of Nazareth had never ceased to resound through the long, dark night of feudal tyranny. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, he hath sent me to proclaim release to the captives, and recovering them the sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." These good tidings the poor of Christendom have ever believed from the day they first accepted the gospel, and, spite of all the tyrannies they have suffered, and the evil results consequently produced in their character, they have held persistently to the idea that an universal reign of justice was established on the earth by Jesus Christ, and that if its results are not apparent, it is owing to the force and fraud of the rich and powerful.

And it is because Rousseau so well focussed the character and aspirations of his age that he is peculiarly representative of those of the people who made the Revolution. This character and these aspirations were formed in Rousseau and in the Revolution by the same sort of

process. Both were the offspring of Protestantism; but the best and worst influences in the education of Rousseau, and of the men who carried out the Revolution, came from Catholicism. This explains why the Revolution was at once so beneficent and so cruel. It had, and still has, the temperament of the Roman Church, which has combined in so singular a manner evangelical sentiments with relentless tyranny. Thus we find the Paris ouvrier, notwithstanding his dislike of the priests, a Catholic in spirit, displaying all the best and all the worst tendencies of the old religion. Mystical, his faith rests on shadowy foundations, foundations he would not dream of sounding. If he were asked why a man is a born king, while women and animals have no rights, except those that the males of the *genus homo* choose to confer upon them, he would probably regard the question with the same suspicion that a pious Catholic feels at remarks tending to throw doubt on the spiritual royalty conferred by a few drops of water. It is a striking fact that in his most exalted moments it has never occurred to the Paris ouvrier to claim justice for women and animals. For eighteen hours out of the twenty-four the hideous crack of the slave-driver's whip is to be heard all over Paris. A human being, drunk or in a fit, has every attention lavished on him by a sympathetic Paris crowd, a horse dragged on its haunches over the rough stones of a steep incline, with a heavy load at its back, provokes little more than a stare. This indifference to animal suffering must again be attributed to the mediæval doctrine which taught that the souls of animals were produced by nature, while those of men came from God.*

Nothing can be more cynical than the way the author of "*Le Sublime et le Travailleur*" represents his model working man as speaking of prostitutes. "They ask nothing better," says *le vrai ouvrier*, "than to be at your service, and then *one has no remorse*." Proudhon argues out the question of the physical, intellectual, and moral inferiority of woman to man

* Dante, *Paradiso*, c. vii. 139.

with a brutal logic. He formulates it as a mathematical term. He finds man's physical strength as compared to that of woman to be as 3 to 2, and his intellectual strength in the same proportion; multiplying the one by the other, the physical and intellectual value of the man is to the physical and intellectual value of the woman as 9 to 4. With mathematical precision he states it as a sum in arithmetic, $3 \times 3 : 2 \times 2 :: 9 : 4$. From which he draws the truly materialistic conclusion: "Relatively to us, woman may be termed an immoral being." She is, in his idea, a sort of middle term between man and the animal kingdom. Woman, however, has her revenge, for in few societies is her influence greater than in that of the Paris ouvrier. And at the present moment the chief leader the revolutionary party possesses, who combines at once faith, courage, and entire devotion to the cause, is a woman — Louise Michel. Is not this in accordance with the Catholic tradition, which in every way represents women as the source of immorality and corruption, even going so far as to interdict priests from marriage, while it divinizes her in the person of Mary?

The Parisian people are often represented as difficult to govern; they need, it is always alleged, "a master." However, the exact opposite is the truth, there being no people who have such an innate respect for law and authority as the French. Few Englishmen obey the law from any profound respect for its majesty, but for reasons, high or low, according to their moral standard. To the Frenchman it seems a real matter of conscience, and his admiration for law and its wonderful power is so intense that he is always ready to decree and command the rest of the world to obey his ideas of social justice. In England thousands of persons would be found ready to break a law which had emanated from any unconstitutional source, but how readily has the Paris ouvrier again and again obeyed laws promulgated by self-constituted authority, simply because they bore the magic words, *loi* or *decret*. This superstitious reverence for law and authority is clearly a heritage republican France has received

from old Rome, fostered by centuries of Catholic teaching.

Another weakness that the revolutionist inherits from Catholicism is a disposition to regard his principles as infallible. Red Republicanism is but Ultramontanism turned inside out. Its spirit is the same: pharisaical, intolerant, tyrannical, sanguinary. How exactly its action reproduces that of Catholicism! In the name of the infallible Church, or the equally infallible Revolution, self-appointed *camarillas* issue their decrees. Obedience proves you one of the faithful; your private sins, however atrocious, are all passed over on account of your faith.

I have before me the fundamental principles and constitution of the Anti-clerical League — a society formed in Paris — which may be taken as representing the advanced stage of the present intense hatred and contempt for all religious sentiment and opinion whatsoever. Its object is to ameliorate in every point of view the fate of the working classes. It commences by defining clericalism as the great obstacle to all social progress, it therefore proposes, without respite and with all possible energy, to combat not only all superstitious ideas of whatsoever nature, but their propagators. It admits no dogma, no rite, no worship, but repels any kind of belief in any deity whatsoever, and proscribes (*proscrit*) the idea of a supernatural being under any name. The essential creed of its members is democratic socialism, and the rejection of a belief in a God creator or regulator of the universe. It exacts (*exige*) from each member the courage of his opinions, and imposes on him the duty of an actual and constant rupture with all the practical consequence of all the doctrines he rejects in principle. Its organization is compact, extending over France by departments and groups, the central seat being Paris, and the administration a council of ten, always capable of re-election. But so immutable are the fundamental principles of this League, that it is not in the power of the ten or even of the whole society to alter one of the articles or statutes on which it is established.

The whole energy of the society is to concentrate itself on working the machine.

Thus Parisian atheists reproduce in all its essential features the spirit of the religion they detest. An immutable and infallible creed, an exterminatory intolerance for all ideas and persons opposed to that creed, a solidarity among its believers obtained by enrolling them into a League, compactly organized under a strong central authority, precise, unchangeable statutes, a power of persecuting heretics and backsliders, which will certainly be exercised. We have never known in England such hatred as is felt and expressed against their political heresiarchs by the Parisian newspapers. It is more than exterminatory, for it revels in the torture of its victims by malicious references to their physical weaknesses. These writers enable me to understand the spirit which formerly animated the Catholic Church against heretics, a spirit of cruelty it would be impossible by any means to exaggerate. The tendency to conspiracy and to dark crimes so characteristic of the Revolution is manifestly born of its Catholic mother. The original of all these detestable tribunals, which devote kings, statesmen, and priests to assassination, is the Inquisition. It is true that the Holy Tribunal has never established itself in France, but its spirit has infected Catholicism everywhere.

But this revolutionary faith, this Evangelic Radicalism, as it was called in 1848, owes not only the darker sides of its character but many of its nobler traits to Catholicism. Where, indeed, could the spirit of equality and fraternity, the spirit of devotion and disinterestedness, have found an origin in modern Europe like that it found in Catholicism? Equality is a thing unknown in Protestant countries. Will any one cite the United States? But who can forget that this Protestant republic kept the negro in slavery for a century. Only in that Church which has recognized no distinction among men, excepting that conferred by baptism, could equality really be born. The sculptured group at the portals of the Pantheon, of Clovis kneeling before St. Denis, and the fine frescoes within, of St. Germain and St. Loup honoring the peasant girl, Geneviève, in the presence of all the inhabitants of Nanterre, show how early the Gallican Church began to give the overbearing Franks lessons in equality. And all through its history this has been its spirit. It was the least submissive of

any to the Roman pontiff. Prior to the Revolution its bishops always maintained the doctrine that the Bishop of Rome was only *primus inter pares*. The great prelates of the Gallican Church may be contrasted favorably with their Protestant contemporaries with reference to the manner in which they discharged their duty to the head of the State. "You do not love God at all," wrote Fénelon to Louis XIV., at a time when he had reached the apogee of his glory, and when to make his soul he had begun to persecute the Huguenots; "you only fear him with the fear of a slave; it is hell, not God that you fear. Your religion consists only in superstitions, in petty, superficial practices. You are scrupulous over trifles and hardened over terrible evils. You love only your glory and your ease. You make yourself the centre of all things as if you were God on earth, and all the rest of creation had only been made to be sacrificed for you." Fénelon here was the *avant-courier* of the Revolution, his just soul quivered with its spirit. Thus the Gallican Church made equality a reality in France. In the might of the Spirit of God, it taught that the poorest saint could rebuke the most lofty and exalted persons on the face of the earth. And that power was used and admitted even against the sovereign pontiff himself.

What innumerable lessons in fraternity the Catholic Church has given the people of France! What countless brotherhoods and sisterhoods, from the days of St. Bernard to those of St. Vincent de Paul, have occupied themselves in living for God and man!

Nothing would be easier than to draw up a long indictment of their crimes, but measure the evil and the good, and the balance rises mightily in their favor. Is it not they who for so many centuries have maintained the socialistic idea in Europe, and prepared the French nation to be its chief apostle? Paris ouvriers have been always ready to give their lives in defence of certain principles, however vague, shadowy, or difficult of realization, simply because they appeared to them to represent the best hopes of humanity. But where have they learned this spirit of disinterestedness and devotion if not from the Catholic Church? There is a close historical parallel between the spirit of the Revolutionary armies of '93 and that of the first French Crusaders; and a still closer one between the spirit of absolute self-surrender in which the Jesuit of the seventeenth century worked and that of

the modern emissaries of the Revolution. What can be more in harmony with the philanthropic principles of the Revolution, the best traditions of the Catholic Church, and the mind of Jesus Christ, than the following story related by Lady Brassey in "A Voyage in the Sunbeam"? A French priest, sent as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, finding that there was one which was a sort of prison for all persons smitten with leprosy, determined for the love of God and man to pass the rest of his days in Leper Island that he might devote himself to the moral and spiritual good of these unhappy outcasts. He was still living when Lady Brassey heard the story, and although he had been laboring for some years among the lepers, had never himself been affected by this terrible disease.

To imagine that the French Revolution was a great cataclysm in the history of Christendom is to understand very little of the working of the doctrine of the kingdom of heaven. Few persons seem to estimate at its true value the power of a great idea. And surely there never has been one more pregnant with glorious and yet terrible consequences to the world than the doctrine of Jesus Christ with reference to the kingdom of heaven. That ideal once given to the human race, nothing could effectually arrest the attempt to realize it. The effort may be beaten down a thousand times, all the powers on earth may combine to stamp it out, but it will prove indestructible. Not only must every vestige of the New Testament and every reference to it in the literatures of Europe be destroyed, but every Church, including the Roman Catholic Church itself, with the record and memories of all its saints, must be forever relegated to the limbo of forgetfulness; and even if this entirely impossible work were accomplished, there would remain a thousand thoughts embodied in European law and its most conservative institutions which would still proclaim the idea; and last, but by no means least, there would be the word written in the heart of the masses of Europe, a word which all the powers of the universe combined could never now eradicate. This word, opposition, persecution, defeat only serve to intensify. European history will be rewritten, its interest will no longer surround the doings of kings, courts, or aristocracies, but will centre on the efforts of the people to realize the kingdom of heaven.

We even now dimly perceive that history; we see the idea sown broadcast in Europe during the early Middle Ages by the mediæval missionaries, and by their successors the monks and the friars. St. Augustine, St. Bernard, and St. Francis, these and thousands of holy men and women kept the thought alive and in many ways sought to realize it. Under their teaching the conscience of Europe grew, and at last the poor, toiling masses of Europe suddenly realized the thought that in Jesus Christ they were free. Not only free, but equal to their oppressors; not only free and equal, but their brothers. This powerful thought began to surge in Europe in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, giving birth to democracy in Italy, to Lollardism in England, to the Jacquerie in France, to peasant revolts and Anabaptism in Germany and Switzerland and in the Low Countries. It was stifled everywhere, but with its defeat came that of the Reformation, the masses in all lands turning their backs on a movement which had shown itself their enemy. Thousands returned to the old Church, and most of all in the cities and lands which had given the best welcome to the doctrines of the Reformation. In the lands of Luther, of John Huss, of Jerome of Prague, of Calvin, and of Coligny the reaction was most complete.

It was a great panic, a panic which cost the people of Europe a still greater eclipse of faith, and a long, dark road to traverse of cruel wars, general degradation, miserable poverty, and widespread immorality. But the thought of the kingdom of heaven was not dead. In its misery the heart of Europe sighed and groaned for the establishment of that universal reign of justice which seemed to go out in the travesty at Munster. God heard that cry, and during all the eighteenth century everything worked together to give the people of Europe another opportunity. This time Paris was the centre of the effort; that it ended again in scenes even more appalling than those of Munster was due, as there, to the fact that it had to struggle for its existence against overwhelming odds, and that its defenders were themselves the children of Catholicism, formed by centuries of Catholic training.

The only Frenchmen prior to the Revolution who did not owe their education to the Catholic Church were the Protestants and the Jews, and neither of these classes had any perceptible influence in bringing about the Revolution in France. On the

other hand, there is clear evidence that the Jansenists had much to do with preparing the way. They had got rid of their old opponents, the Jesuits, and by the middle of the century had formed a strong party in the French Parliament, and were beginning to make their influence felt in the government. Several distinguished men, among others Turgot, are said to have shared their opinions. They established in 1728 a mysterious publication called *Nouvelles Ecclesiastiques*, which, in spite of the police, was kept up until the first year of the Revolution, 1790, a space of eighty-two years. Founded by a brave old priest, it was printed in a boat and distributed throughout the country by a method which, represented on a card, formed the only ornament of the library of the Jacobin Club when it was opened in 1791.

In one of the finest of his works, "*La Révolution*," Edgar Quinet has shown how completely Catholicism dominated the men who were its most implacable representatives. The terror of the popular religion was on the Terrorists; Marat, Danton, Robespierre, all aided in upholding the Catholic faith. When Dom Guerle proposed that the Constituent Assembly should declare that the Catholic and-Roman religion was the religion of the State, Mirabeau replied that to declare such a thing would be to imply that it could be otherwise. The twenty-six days of the worship of Reason, though the movement was headed by the Archbishop of Paris and twelve of his vicars, threw the Terrorists into such a fright that they began to utter the most mediæval sentiments and to evince their determination to stamp out in the approved traditional fashion all deflection from authorized religious courses. Sergeant, the Septembrist butcher, moved that a priest who said that he was yesterday in error was a charlatan. Danton caused a law to be passed against religious masquerades because there was a bound to everything. As to Robespierre, he denounced all attacks on the religion in force as treason, and indications of conspiring with Prussia and England.

But it is in their spirit that the Terrorists show themselves true children of the Church. The hideous tale of their murders and massacres is but a repetition of the destruction of the Albigenes, the massacres of St. Bartholomew and the Dragonnades. And the same spirit has revealed itself in our day in the murder of

the hostages and the massacre of the Communards.

The spiritual life in the Gallican Church, nearly extinct towards the close of the last century, awoke with the religious revival which marks the second quarter of this century. In a very short time the influence was shared by the revolutionaries. No longer mere deists, in whom the old superstitions were always more powerful than their philosophical indifferentism, they showed themselves enthusiastically religious and sometimes almost orthodox. St. Simon, Cabet, Pierre Leroux, L. de Toureil, and Louis Blanc were all animated by a religious spirit more or less Catholic. De Toureil had a disciple, Father N. Sporalette, who founded the club of the Oratoire and of the Paraclete fusionists. Such associations were not only communist, but communionist; not only fraternal, but eucharistic. And as if to prove that all French revolutionists are the offspring of Catholicism, those who profess most distinctly to separate themselves from Christianity are the ones most dominated by the spirit of Catholicism — the ambition to embrace all things, to dominate all things, to reduce everything to the level of their own ideas.

But the most perfect type of this period, the man who best of all represents the whole course of this revolutionary development of Catholicism, is the Abbé de Lamennais. In early life De Lamennais was so orthodox a Catholic and so great a champion of authority in matters of religion that Leo XII. designed to make him a cardinal. However, in this fervently orthodox believer there was such a love of justice and humanity that his soul soon became the arena of a series of struggles, each more violent than the other. He strove in vain to reconcile the contending principles. Justice and humanity always came off victorious, until at last Catholic dogma was slain outright, and De Lamennais ended his days believing only in God and humanity.

De Lamennais was a man who sought to realize truth in action. All the struggles in his soul had their correlatives in the outer world. He breathed in exact harmony with the most living thought of his age and his country. He appears at first borne on the crest of the tidal wave of religion. He sees the truth of the old times and the new; he is convinced they have a common source; he feels himself at once a believer in authority and in liberty; he proposes to reconcile the two.

He is always to be seen in companionship with the most distinguished men of his time, striving to raise a light to guide his tempest-tossed people. But the revolutionary torrent carries him away from one set of friends after another, until at last he appears alone, a solitary voice, crying in the wilderness. Then he puts forth the work which will last as long as anything this century has seen published. "*Paroles d'un Croisant*" is an inspiration, the most perfect expression of the soul of the Revolution.

A chapter or two selected at random from this famous book will serve better than any description to give an idea of the religion which really lives in the heart of the Paris ouvrier.

XXXIV.

The evils which afflict the earth do not come from God, for God is love, and all that He does is good; they come from Satan whom God has cursed, and from men who have Satan for their father and their master.

But the sons of Satan are numerous in the world. As soon as they pass away God writes their names in a sealed book, which will be opened and read at the end of time.

There are men who love only themselves; and these are men of hatred, for to love one's self alone is to hate others.

There are men of pride who cannot suffer equals, who wish always to command and dominate.

There are men of greed who are always asking for gold, for honors, for enjoyments, and are never satisfied.

There are men of rapine who watch the weak in order to rob him by force or fraud, and who prowl by night around the dwelling of the widow and the orphan.

There are men of murder who have only violent thoughts, who say: "You are our brethren, and kill those they call brothers, as soon as they suspect them of being opposed to their designs, and write laws with their blood."

There are men of fear who tremble before the bad, and kiss their hands, hoping in this way to escape oppression, and who, when an innocent person is attacked on the open way, make haste to run into their houses and to close the doors.

All these men have destroyed peace, security, and liberty on the earth.

You will, then, regain liberty, security, peace only in fighting against them without intermission.

The city which they have made is the city of Satan; you have to rebuild the city of God.

In the city of God each loves his brothers as himself, and this is why no one is abandoned; no one suffers there, if there is a remedy for his sufferings.

In the city of God all are equal, none dominant, for justice alone reigns there with love.

In the city of God each possesses without fear that which is his, and desires nothing more, because that which belongs to each belongs to all, and that all possess God, who is inexhaustible riches.

In the city of God no one sacrifices others to himself, but each is ready to sacrifice himself for others.

In the city of God if a wicked man creeps in, all separate themselves from him, and all unite to restrain him or to drive him away; for the wicked man is the enemy of each one, and the enemy of each one is the enemy of all.

When you shall have built the city of God the earth will flourish again, and the peoples will flourish once more, because you will then have conquered the sons of Satan who oppress the peoples and desolate the earth, the men of pride, the men of rapine, the men of murder, and the men of fear.

Another chapter.

XXXVII.

How is it you wear yourself out vainly in your misery? Your desire is good, but you do not know how to accomplish it.

Hold fast to this maxim: He alone can restore life who has given life.

You will succeed in nothing without God.

You turn over and over again on your bed of anguish: what relief have you found?

You have overthrown some tyrants, and there have come others worse than the first.

You have abolished some laws of servitude, and you have had laws of blood, and then again new laws of servitude.

Distrust, then, men who put themselves between God and you, in order that their shadow may hide Him from you. These men have bad designs.

For it is from God that the force comes which delivers, because it is from God that comes the love which unites.

What can a man do for you who has only his own thought for rule, and for a law only his own will?

Even when he means well and only wishes good, he must give his own will for law and his own idea for a rule.

For this is what all tyrants do.

It is not worth the trouble to overturn all and expose one's self to everything in order to substitute one tyranny for another.

Liberty does not consist in that one man rules instead of another, but in this, that no one rules.

But where God does not reign a man must rule, and this is what one sees going on always.

The reign of God—I tell you it again—is the reign of justice in men's minds and of charity in their hearts; and it has on earth its foundation in faith in God and faith like to Christ's, who has promulgated the law of God—the law of charity and the law of justice.

The law of justice teaches that all are equal before their Father, who is God, and before their only Master, who is the Christ.

The law of charity teaches them to love one another and to aid one another as the sons of the same Father and the disciples of the same Master.

And then they are free, because no one commands another unless he has been freely chosen of all to command; and their liberty cannot be taken from them, because they are all united in its defence.

But those who say to you: Before us justice has not been known; justice does not come from God, it comes from man; trust yourselves to us, and we will give you some one who will satisfy you.

These deceive you, or, if they sincerely promise liberty, they deceive themselves.

For they ask you to recognize them as masters, and thus your liberty will only be obedience to new masters.

Reply to them that your Master is the Christ, that you do not wish any other, and the Christ will make you free.

No influence did more to bring about the Revolution of 1848 than these writings of De Lamennais; not even his personal word, and the effect of that was singularly powerful, as those who came under it can testify. One who has suffered many things for his fidelity to the cause of which these books are the highest expression remembers that, when a student in Protestant theology, he wrote to De Lamennais, saying that he would like to see him, that he might place before him some of his difficulties. A note immediately came appointing the next morning for the interview. He went, and for three hours they conversed, the Protestant divinity student putting a series of questions to the Catholic theologian. "You have come," said the latter, "to examine my conscience: I will let you see it thoroughly," and he did so. When his visitor rose to go, De Lamennais said solemnly, "You are young, I am old; we may never see each other again; I will kiss you, my son." Thus sealed, the young student went forth to struggle for the principles contained in the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*," and never ceased until struck down by the defeat of the Commune. During the few years prior to 1848, and greatly owing to these works, a new form of religious mysticism arose, which, by the time the Revolution of February broke out, had taken concrete form. France came to be spoken of as the Nation-Christ, Jesus as the first representative of the people, and Jesus *sans culottes*. At the working-men's clubs it was usual to have a picture of him working as a carpenter.

A few facts culled from the *Journal*

des Débats of the last days of February, 1848, will serve to show how deeply imbued the Revolution was with a spirit at once religious and Catholic, the spirit, in fact, of Rousseau's "*Vicaire Savoyard*" and De Lamennais's "*Paroles d'un Croyant*."

On the Sunday after the republic was proclaimed a procession of women and children, led by certain ladies — Madame de Lamartine was one — and surrounded by armed working-men and national guards carrying the flag of the republic, made its way through the streets of Paris. Among the banners carried by the procession one was conspicuous, bearing the legend, "Let the little ones come unto Me." Finally came a banner, "Union of the Religions," and following it were a row of clergymen hand in hand — the chief rabbi, some Catholic priests, a Protestant pastor. It seemed the commencement of the millennium. Liberty and religion had met together, Catholicism and humanitarianism had kissed each other. All the finest spirits in France were moved by a common enthusiasm. Ozanam, one of the most sincere and pious of Catholics, opened his course at the College of France in language that recalled '93, and spoke of the "flag of the Revolution descending into Italy to become the oriflamme of the crusade of liberty among the populations that Pius IX. had awakened," the concluding words marking the progress made since that era. The Revolution, last development of Catholic France, had reached the sovereign pontiff, and the pope had become a Catholic revolutionary. The bishops of France welcomed the republic; the Bishop of Langres said, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity was a glorious Christian device," and the Archbishop of Paris ordered *Domine salvum fac populum* to be sung in the churches.

Catholicism was never more popular. When the people entered the Tuileries on the 24th of February, 1848, they stopped respectfully before the Royal Chapel, a student from the Polytechnic School advanced and, collecting the sacred vessels, carried them to the curé of St. Roch in the midst of a numerous crowd, who followed him with uncovered heads. On the Sunday after the Revolution the congregation at Notre Dame broke out into bursts of applause because Lacordaire, in language which reads like the fanatical utterance of a pagan priest, exclaimed, "To demonstrate God to you! you would have the right to call me parricide and sacrilegious! If I dared to undertake to

demonstrate God, the gates of this cathedral would open of themselves, and you would see this people, superb in its anger, carrying God up to his altar in the midst of reverence and adoration."

A National Assembly was elected deeply imbued with the Catholic revolutionary spirit, and then came the critical moment. Two principles struggled in the womb of the Catholic revolution: Jesuitism and Socialism. The latter, like the red and choleric Esau, soon wore out its furious energies, so that the former was able with the ruthless cunning of Jacob to carry off the fruits of the Revolution. The Catholic revolution was deceived and made over its future to Jesuitism. By the educational law of March 15, 1850, the power to mould the mind of France was placed in their hands, and with what results all who have followed contemporary history can tell. One of the first was the *coup d'état* of December, 1851. Well might the champion of Catholicism, Montalembert, exclaim, "Vote *Yes* for Louis Napoleon, for his government has already been signalized by three capital facts: 1. Liberty of teaching guaranteed; 2. The pope restored by French arms; 3. The liberties of the Church restored."

But twenty-one years of Jesuit rule have destroyed Christian faith among the working classes in France, and especially among the ouvriers of Paris. It would be hard to-day to find an assembly of republicans in which the great majority are not atheists. The hatred, the contempt, the bitterness extends to the religious sentiment itself, which some would extirpate if possible. The priests are loathed and credited with every infamy, but the hatred extends far beyond the clergy and the Catholic Church. "Murder," it was said to me the other day, "is the very soul of religion." The proof—that, to avenge fifteen priests, thirty thousand of the working classes in Paris were slaughtered. "Between us and them there is a ditch of blood." No one who reads the newspapers which the ouvrier of Paris reads can doubt his sentiments towards clericalism; but in the absence of any attempt to imperil republican institutions, and in the presence of general prosperity and the growing possession of all kinds of advantages, he is *débonnaire* and without enthusiasm. Materialism has come in to strengthen his naturally prudential, industrious character, and his chief thought at the present moment is material progress. That his ideal however is not his own personal advantage, but the well be-

ing of all, is manifest to any one who watches the elections, which are constantly occurring in one or other of the twenty arrondissements of Paris. The battle always lies between the Opportunist republican and the Socialist republican, the latter being of late nearly always in a considerable majority. As to the labor candidate and the anarchist, their following, especially that of the latter, is small in the extreme.

But those who think that because to-day the tendency of the Paris ouvrier is towards atheism and materialism he is therefore no longer under the influence of the spirit of Catholicism will be very much mistaken. What Shakespeare says of every individual is manifestly true of a nation:—

There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased:
The which observed, a man may prophesy
With a near aim of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings be intreaured.

This condition of things is fraught with the utmost danger to the cause of that universal reign of justice which the Revolution dimly represents. If the present organs of public opinion are to be our guides to the sentiments of Paris ouvriers with regard to the Catholic Church, it would be difficult to exaggerate the animosity. However, newspaper editors are mortal, while the Church of Rome never dies. The generation that is now nourished on a daily and systematic warfare against the Catholic priests and the Catholic religion will go down into the tomb, and other generations will rise a hundred times more ignorant of what is being said and done to-day than of what was said and done a hundred years ago. The religious instinct, never dead, will wake up, and the Revolution may experience the fate of the Reformation, and see its children returning by shoals into the bosom of the old Church.

Nothing would be more disastrous to Europe than such a result. It would be the moral suicide of Christendom, presaging the resurrection of the Christian conscience in a few generations with an outburst as much an advance in terribleness on the French Revolution as that event exceeded in intensity the Anabaptist revolution at Munster. How is such a catastrophe to be averted?

When, in 1857, Edgar Quinet published his "Religious Revolution of the Nineteenth Century," his cry to his country-

men was: "Come out of the old Church, and enter into one of the many free forms of modern Christianity." During the last few years certain energetic men in France have advocated this remedy, and have succeeded in inducing several groups of families to enrol themselves as Protestants. But, as Edgar Quinet says in the work we have named, "Let us flee illusions." It may pain many who are deeply interested in the religious welfare of France, and who have proved it by a multitude of sacrifices, to be told that Protestantism has not the slightest chance of winning the heart of France. In saying this, we have no intention for a moment to disparage the importance of the efforts at evangelization made with so much zeal and disinterestedness in all parts of France. There are few movements which have our deeper sympathy. These missions, we believe, have done incalculable good, good impossible to formulate in reports, since it consists in the dissipation of prejudice, ignorance, and superstition, in the renewal of hope, in the strengthening of virtuous resolution, in the awakening of the religious sense, and perhaps more often than can ever be known in the entire conversion of souls to God. It is then far from our desire to lessen interest in these works. Let us support them with more energy, and try and render them many times more successful.

But as a propaganda on behalf of Protestantism, they clip their own wings, and fly in the face of the genius of France. Immense changes have taken place in France since Quinet published his work in 1857, has Protestantism made progress important enough to give any color to the hope that France may one day accept the religion of the Huguenots?

It is extremely difficult, almost impossible, it would seem, to get at the number of the adherents of each religious denomination in France, all parties combining to suppress this sort of information. Desirous to know if the statistics given by the Abbé Bougaud in his pamphlet, "*Le Grand Péril de l'Eglise de France*," were borne out by recent facts, I applied to the minister of public worship for permission to consult the official documents in the library of the ministry. I was informed that the statistics were at my service when I chose to call for them. I accordingly went, and with a profusion of politeness the librarian informed me that the minister had presented me with five volumes of "*La France Ecclésiastique*," the libra-

rian remarking that I had the honor of being served next to a cardinal, who had just taken away the most recent volume, that of 1882. I carried home the ministerial gift, but, on unpacking the parcel, found the contents little better than waste paper, since all complete statistics were carefully avoided, one volume differing from the other only by the alteration of a few names, and by the introduction of the text of any new law affecting the Church, and other matters occurring during the year. All further efforts to obtain information were unavailing, the minister evidently regarding me as pertinacious and ungrateful. However, by watching, I found both in Catholic and Republican papers some of the statistics I sought; but as to the numbers of the Protestant population, not even a work so encyclopædic as Elisée Reclus's geography contains the information. However, there is one test that will at least give us the relative numbers of the official churches: the Budget of Public Worship. I find there that the respective sums for 1854 and 1882 were as follows —

	Catholic Church.	Protestant Church.
1854.	42,223,329 fr.	1,328,891 fr.
1882.	51,464,966 fr.	1,679,100 fr.

From this it is clear that the republican authorities, no friends, as we all know, to Catholicism, regard the adherents of Catholicism as thirty times as numerous as those who belong to the Protestant Church. And further, that though Protestantism has obtained in the last twenty-eight years an advance a little beyond that allowed to Romanism, that relative advance is only estimated by authority as equal in value to an increased grant of a little more than fifty thousand francs per annum.

Allowing that this represents solid progress, it is after all so infinitesimal that no one can ground upon it any hope of the ultimate success of Protestantism in France. This state of things is supported by many other facts. We are accustomed to hear that the Catholic churches of Paris are deserted by the people — a fact, however, which is far less true than is supposed — but let any one go to the Protestant churches, and he must be enthusiastic indeed if he can suppose that these dreary buildings, with their respectable services, can ever attract a people so artistic, so idealistic as the French.

Respectability is indeed the great weakness of French Protestantism. In the

principal parish in Paris, that of the Oratoire, the candidates proposed by the orthodox party at the recent presbyteral elections were *three bankers*, the excuse being that they reflected the professional tendencies of this quarter. If it is considered that there is nothing the working man so fears as the tyranny of the capitalist, nothing against which his organs so declaim as the plutocracy, it is clear that a religious party which acts thus must feel that it is useless to take any account of the opinion of the *ouvrier*. It is true this is only the act of a section in one parish, but it is typical. Protestantism is too wealthy, too aristocratic in its tendencies, ever to have any perceptible influence with the Parisian democracy.

If, then, the spirit of France is still so Catholic, how is she to be saved from becoming once again the thrall of the Catholic Church? By not attempting to contradict her genius, but by cultivating it in the light of its original idea. I have often thought that if you could one by one divest the Roman Catholic Church of the accretions which have grown around it age after age, you would come at last to the primitive gospel and the primitive Church. And if I were asked what that primitive gospel would be which I suppose imbedded under eighteen centuries of ruins, I should at once reply, the gospel preached by Jesus Christ: the gospel of the kingdom of heaven. That this statement rests on a solid historical basis, and is almost as capable of demonstration as a scientific fact, will be seen if it be considered that the *first* Church in Rome was, in all probability, founded by Jewish Christians, who, if not some of the very disciples who had followed the Master over the plains of Galilee, were at least fresh from listening to the eleven whom he had specially instructed; and that the great communion which has developed out of those obscure beginnings has always been most scrupulous in preserving the least of her traditions, hiding and distorting them, but never wholly losing or destroying any. What appears, then, to be wanted, is not to offer Paris *ouvriers* a new religion, or even to reform the old one in a *radical* sense, but so to strip the Roman Catholic Church of its accretions as to present the Church founded by Jesus Christ and the gospel he preached. For that gospel is not only wonderfully in harmony with the principles which lie at the heart of the faith of the Paris *ouvrier*, but its proclamation

and actual realization in the lives of believers is the only means of preventing those principles becoming a source of terror rather than of blessing to the world, and of transfiguring them and giving them perpetual vigor, because brought into connection with their source.

Doubtless if this gospel were preached among Paris *ouvriers*, many would seek to materialize it, and to turn it into a revolutionary force. Then undoubtedly would come the moment of trial when its preachers would have to choose between popular rejection and popular power, or perhaps between martyrdom or becoming the tools of reaction. But if avoiding errors into which men as great as Savonarola and Luther have fallen, they refused, like their Master, to identify themselves with any material interests, they might suffer a temporary rejection and even extinction, but the germs they would have brought into existence would produce that better Church and that new Europe we are longing to see established.

R. HEATH.

From Chambers' Journal.
POOR LITTLE LIFE.

IV.

PUNCTUALLY at the appointed time next morning, the Durhams' carriage drove up to the door of the Immigration Office.

"You're exact to the minute, Sir George," said Mr. Campbell, looking at his watch, after having introduced him to Mr. Buchanan, the agent-general, a fair-haired youngish-looking man, dressed in a light alpaca jacket and a pith helmet.

Driving down to the Victoria Market, the party hailed a canoe, and under the skilful paddling of two sable boatmen, were soon under the "Hampshire's" bows. There she lay, like a weary creature, resting after her long and tedious voyage through the trackless seas.

"Never had a chance of sailing," said the captain grumpily, when they had got on board; "never got a wind the whole blessed time."

The main hatch was open, and looking down through it, a strange sight met the visitors' eyes. A mass of naked limbs, thighs, and torsos, gleaming ivory teeth, soft jetty eyes—men, women, and children all salaaming together to the white faces peering through the hatches. The men were almost entirely nude; their sole

garment was a white *babba* wound round their loins. The women were more decently draped in a couple of pieces of calico, the one surrounding the limbs, the other the head and chest.

"Before I call the roll, Sir George," said the agent-general, "would you like to go below and get a nearer view of this human menagerie?"

The baronet acquiesced.

"Captain Grimsby and I have some papers to look over; but the second mate will go with you, and you'll find me on the quarter-deck when you come up."

"Many deaths this voyage?" asked Mr. Campbell, as they descended the rickety ladder.

"Fifteen all told."

"A considerable number."

"Yes, sir. But I never saw such a set as them coolies. When they think they're sick, they die off just like a pack of monkeys."

"Any births?"

"Plenty, sir," replied the mate, cheering up. "Five in all. We had one the very night before we came into Kingston Harbor. Take care of your heads, gentlemen. One step more. Here you are! Plenty of light, you see, when your eyes get accustomed to the darkness!"

And when their eyes did get accustomed to the twilight gloom, a very curious scene met their view. They could see from one end of the ship to the other. The main-deck had been entirely given up to the accommodation of its living freight.

Following their guide, Sir George and Mr. Campbell proceeded to thread their way amongst the crowd. Children gamboled around them, came and touched their hands, their clothes, their umbrellas. Women held up their babies to be admired, then salaamed to the ground, touching their feet, and then their own heads, with every token of courteous Oriental abasement. Many of the men were models for the sculptor, and one or two of the children were really pretty. But the women, with the exception of a few young girls of sixteen or seventeen, were squat and ungainly, and both in figure and feature formed a striking contrast to the men. Both sexes, however — from motives either of vanity or religion — appeared to have done their best to disfigure themselves. Many of the women had the half of their brows and the partings of their hair stained with vermilion; whilst the majority of the men had shaved either the whole or a portion of their heads.

Each man, woman, and child wore suspended from the neck a tin medal, on which his or her number was stamped. Several of the women were gorgeously adorned with bangles and anklets, necklaces, nose and ear rings. One woman had sixteen silver bracelets on her arm, which had been fastened on when she was a child, and had now eaten into her flesh. Two fair-skinned bright little sisters of thirteen or fourteen wore round their fat arms what looked like silver napkin-rings, on either side of which the plump flesh protruded painfully.

On the beams and pillars of their saloon were suspended their pipes and their drums — their *hubble-bubbles* and their *tum-tums*. Mugs, old tins, and platters were rolling about on the ground. A tall *sirdar* in red jacket was distributing *chupatties* — thin flour scones — which the children, true to their instincts, greedily snatched and devoured. The men, crouched in idle attitudes, and the women, stretched on the ground in every variety of easy and graceful pose, were less active in appropriating their share of the viands.

Amidst these motley groups were one or two sick people. A man who had fallen from deck and broken his leg, was stretched out, bandaged up with splints; and on a filthy blanket lay another poor fellow, whose emaciated frame, and bones protruding through the skin, showed only too distinctly that he never would cross the *kala pani* (black water) again. No one seemed to trouble himself with him, or pay him the least attention. And indeed, he looked as if he were even now heedless of human care.

Suddenly the boatswain's pipe was heard summoning a general muster. In an instant the whole saloon was alive. Mothers and sisters seized hold of naked boys and girls, draped the one with *dabbas*, and the other in sheets like grave-clothes. Then proceeding to make their own toilet, they swathed themselves in folds of pink muslin, bought for them in Calcutta, against this the day of their going ashore. Each man seized his *hubble bubble* and his *tum-tum*. Each woman made up her little bundle of everyday attire. Then with her naked pickaninny astride on her hip, and perhaps a couple more hanging on by the skirts of her garment, she ascended the ladder to present herself and her offspring before the inspecting officer.

In the mean time, the deck had been roped off, and chairs and a table brought out for the use of Mr. Buchanan and his

clerks. Round the agent-general's table clustered several planters, who, like Mr. Campbell, had come on board to receive the coolies allotted to them. As each man or woman came forward, they criticised his or her muscular development in very much the same manner as of old they used to do their slaves.

"On the whole, a goodish lot," said Mr. Campbell to the baronet, when his quota was made up. "There are one or two not much worth. Look at that second fellow from the end. He don't look strong enough to handle a hoe. But that's a sturdy wench next him; look at her arms. I hope they'll behave themselves, I'm sure. They need a deal of humoring when they are landed first. They're just like bairns, Sir George, and have to be treated accordingly. It's hard work, I can assure you, keeping your temper when you see these great men and women, who ought to be attending to their work, throwing wooden images of Lukki, the goddess of Fortune, into the river, or wreathing a white goat with flowers, and then cutting off its head in honor of Káli, the goddess of destruction. Well, I think we've seen all that there is to be seen, so we'd better be off, and leave Mr. Buchanan to his work. I'll send my overseer for the lot," added the Scotchman, addressing the agent-general, "in the afternoon."

V.

A DAY or two afterwards, as the young baronet was leaving his room to join his cousins over their early coffee, he heard the girls laughing in the piazza above him.

"Here's Cousin George!" cried Sibyl, rushing to the top of the staircase to meet him, and holding up her rosy mouth for her morning kiss. "Let's ask his advice."

"Come along, George!" cried Evelyn, flourishing a letter in her hand. "We want your opinion. Eleanor, pour out the coffee for him; he likes it sweet, with plenty of hot milk. Here's old Nana—our old nurse, you know—has got a letter from her granddaughter, who lives in another part of the island called Manchester, asking her to go and stay with her; and the old lady can't make up her mind, and wants us to make it up for her. Please take the letter and read it for yourself, and then you can tell us what you think."

George did so, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—Your having resided in Kingston has hindered me from writing to you as often as I could

wish. However, I now embrace this opportunity, trusting what I have to say may approve your aged mind. I have considered your diminishing age has rendered you the greatest inconvenience of life, although your manners of situation would no doubt arise diversify of an opinion in mind. I am sorry to say," continued George, "'your ever anxious to see you only Charlotte are ever deferred.' The grammar's a little mixed at this passage. However, to proceed: 'And as I cannot tell when it will be in this respect, it is my earnest endeavor to promote myself in the branches of usefulness, while it is the greatest joy of my father to see me wise and happy.'

"Pon my word," remarked George, "this young lady seems to have a very good conceit of herself."

"Our lives so uncertain," continued the missive, "that I cannot lose the present. Although he has not the means, yet he is willing to see me as already stated. I will not leave to say that I was baptized on the first sabbath in June; so now I am a member of the church whose pastor is Rev. Isaac Parker, of which I trust it won't be little joy in your hope and felicity are centred. My dear mother, if your wish are still so great, do, my dear, come up to live and die with me. Look not on what you possess. Care not for house and home, but remember you are decreasing every day, and disadvantage is before you. Therefore I beseech you, answer to my request. Be to my desire: hoping when this reach your lovely hands —"

"Nana's lovely hands!" shouted Sibyl. "Oh, you should see them, Cousin George; they're like the claws of some old monkey!"

"Hush, Sib; let me finish:—

"When this reach your lovely hands, it may find you and all friends in health, as it leaves me at present. I am your unfeigned and affectionate

CHARLOTTE."

"Well," said George, handing the letter back to Evelyn, "all I can say is, that if I were Nana, I should think twice before I went to live and die with such a superior young person. She'd soon be the death of me, with her long words and her learning."

"That's what education has done for the negroes," said Evelyn. "I don't think Nana appreciates all her granddaughter's accomplishments. You see she is what the negroes call an 'old-time

somebody.' She was an old slave of my father's. But she would not leave the family at abolition, and she still retains all the feelings of her class. Her son, however, is different. He belongs to the new school, and the result is — his precious daughter Charlotte. But I don't think Charlotte's education will advance much further; she's engaged to be married to a young drayman in Manchester; and I dare say, after marriage, she'll give up all her learning, just as ladies give up the piano."

"Ask Evelyn to show you some of Captain Hillyard's letters to her," added Sibyl maliciously. "It would be good fun comparing them. Wouldn't it, Cousin George?"

"Sibyl!" said Evelyn threateningly, but blushing all the while.

"Well, he does write to you, Evelyn," pursued the child. "You know he does; and you know you like him too," she added.

"Oh, there can be no doubt she is very fond of him," said Eleanor, with an air of the most aggravating candor.

"Captain Hillyard is certainly very amusing," said Evelyn, partially recovering her composure, "which is more than can be said of all the governor's guests."

VL

It was a trifling incident, but it set George a-thinking. The subject occupied his thoughts during the whole of the morning. He was conscious that this incident of Captain Hillyard's letters possessed an interest for him, for which his cousinship to Evelyn was no sufficient justification. He could not conceal from himself that the children's malicious remarks had caused him infinite annoyance. He was forced to admit that when Sibyl had spoken of Evelyn's correspondence with Captain Hillyard, she had sent a kind of stab through his heart. But, after all, why should she not correspond with Captain Hillyard? And if, as Eleanor had added, she liked him — what then? What was Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? He was her cousin, to be sure, her nearest male relation, and as such, and also as head of her family, deeply concerned in her happiness. He was certainly fond of her too — in a brotherly, cousinly, family sort of a way, of course. She was one of the nicest girls he knew — bright, happy, guileless, unsophisticated, and very pretty too; there could be no doubt of that. All that assuredly made him deeply interested in her fortune. But

could it account for those feelings of irritation — to call them by the mildest term — with which he had received his impish little cousins' mischievous intelligence? Clearly it could not. For, after all, he repeated, why should she not correspond with Captain Hillyard? He had not seen much of him; but the little he had, had impressed him not unfavorably. He was amusing enough in his way. For a soldier he was certainly clever — better educated, too, on the whole, than men of his profession sometimes were. He was the nephew, or the cousin — at any rate some near relation of the governor's. His prospects were good. He would probably be a governor himself some day. He would be no unsuitable match for Evelyn. "I'll discover whether she really likes him; because, if she's only taking her fun out of the fellow, that's right enough. But I'm certain these chits meant to imply that there was something more serious between them. And if there is, I suppose, as Evelyn's cousin, I'd have something to say to the match." And then he fell a-dreaming, as young men with plenty of money and no particular occupation are liable, perhaps even entitled, to do — dreaming of Deepdale and the Castle, and his mother, and his future, and a wife — who, somehow, always bore an extraordinary resemblance to Evelyn — who looked with her eyes, spoke with her voice, and went about the panelled halls and wide stone terraces of his ancestral home with her peculiar grace and gesture.

"The plague's in the girl!" he said angrily, as the dressing-bell rang forth from the piazza, warning him to bring his ablutions to a close. "She's somehow or other got into my head, and I can't get her out of it. I remember one of the last things my mother said to me — it was the night before I left Deepdale, I recollect — was to be sure not to take a wife of the daughters of Heth. It was her way, I suppose, of warning me not to marry a nigger. I can't say, so far as I've gone, that I have been exposed to any temptation. These two Jewish girls I met at the governor's the other night were pretty enough. By-the-by, I thought Hillyard showed that youngest one a good deal of attention. But I have not seen a girl in Jamaica yet — and very few out of it — that can hold a candle to Evelyn in point of looks. She certainly is uncommonly pretty — twice as pretty as when she used to come down to us at Deepdale. I know my mother used to admire her then, and like her too! Yes; she used to be very

fond of little Evie; and so was my father. I wonder if my mother would consider Evelyn one of the daughters of Heth!"

VII.

FOR some days past, there had been a talk of George and Evelyn riding up to "the hills," to call on some friends who lived at Belvidere, and to give George an opportunity of seeing some of the mountain scenery for which the parish of St. Andrew's is so justly famed. Something, however, had always occurred to prevent the realization of the project. But time was fleeting: the November "seasons" were at hand. Already the light cirrus clouds, which the negroes designate "rain-seeds," were to be seen in the morning sky. Already, towards evening, the air was growing thick with vapor; and at nights, the swarms of mosquitoes and flies were, as George expressed it, "more than human nature could bear." If the trip to "the hills" was to take place at all, it was incumbent that it should be got over before "the gullies were down." When the mountain brooks had become raging torrents, when the dry water-courses had become broad and swiftly flowing rivers, when the daily rains were falling like solid sheets of water, travelling was difficult even in the plains. Amongst the hills, it was not to be thought of.

"I would not delay another day, if I were you, George!" said Mrs. Durham at breakfast that morning. "We'll start Mannie with the ponies to the Gardens now. You and Evelyn can follow in the carriage later. Once you get in among 'the bush,' you won't need to fear the sun. You will be at Belvidere in time for afternoon tea; and you can ride home again in the cool of the evening."

They started, therefore, after lunch; Evelyn in her gray riding-habit and black hat; George equipped with spurs and gaiters, and carrying a heavy hunting-crop in his hand. A little above the village of Gardens, they left the carriage. Evelyn mounted her fat old pony Jack; George bestrid old Blunderbore, a famous hill-pony, that, after having been owned by a succession of governors, judges, and other high officials, had now become the property of Mrs. Durham of Prospect Gardens. It was a steep though lovely ride. A road there could scarcely be said to be. But a mountain track, paved by the hard soles of many generations of negroes, and the hoofs of the horses and mules of the country people who daily

brought down their coffee and bread-kind to sell at Kingston market, showed the route. And if, at times, there were great travelling boulders in the path to be circumvented, and tiny, trickling rivulets to be crossed; or a fallen branch of bamboo to be stepped across; or bits of the rock, worn by much traffic into the semblance of miniature staircases, to be climbed; or a rustic bridge, spanning the scene of some recent landslip, to be gingerly traversed — these and such like obstacles only added a zest to the journey, whilst they heightened a thousandfold the picturesqueness of the scene. And then, the marvellous setting of the picture! — the arching fringe of bamboos that bordered the path, the checkered shadows falling across the roadway, the banks of maiden-hair fern and begonia growing by its sides, the tree-ferns at intervals on its margin — was there ever a wood-walk more like a poet's dream, more meet for lovers' talk, more adapted for the free thrust and parry, the mutual interchange of youthful joys and sorrows!

It was the influence of the scenery that provoked the conversation which ensued — there could be no doubt of that. Nothing but it could have induced George to lay bare the secret recesses of his heart. And if any middle-aged reader haply doubts the assertion, let him appeal to his own memory for its corroboration. Let him ask himself, looking across the table to her who sits opposite to him, whether he would ever have been able to summon up courage to put the momentous question, if nature, that wise counsellor, that sympathetic ally, had not come to his aid on that eventful day? It was that quiet, wood-shaded nook on the Thames, that solitary crevice between two over-shadowing rocks by the seashore, the gentle murmur of the waves on that sandy beach, that lonely hilltop, the ruins of that deserted castle by the Rhine, the placid music of that mountain brook, the plash of that moss-grown fountain in those unfrequented gardens, that armed his voice with strength to make the fateful demand. And when he had obtained the answer that he sought — the answer that he hoped for, yet scarcely ventured to expect — was it not kind nature that congratulated him the first, and with its thousand voices spread abroad the joyful intelligence, till rock and shore, river and mountain, wood and forest, seemed to echo and reverberate with his joy!

It was not, indeed, till their return jour-

ney that George yielded to the powerful promptings of the voice of nature; and when at length his lips were unlocked, the result was scarcely such as to justify the expectation of even a qualified success. Indeed, the conversation began with something very like a quarrel.

"I say, Evelyn," said George abruptly, "is there anything between you and Captain Hillyard?"

"Between me and Captain Hillyard!" she repeated with surprise. "I don't understand you, George."

"I thought I was plain enough," he replied, with ill-concealed bitterness.

"Perhaps you were, George. But I fail to see either why you should ask me this, or what gives you the right to put the question."

"Oh, if that is the way you wish to take it, I have no difficulty in giving you an answer. I asked because I thought you seemed put out when the children mentioned his name this morning; and as for my right to ask, I'm your cousin, and I think that's title enough."

"I *was* put out, I admit," replied Evelyn; "though why, I'm sure I don't know. Children are constantly saying disagreeable things; they do it to torment. Of course, it is very silly to be annoyed by them, but one can't help it always."

"But is it true, Evelyn?"

"Is what true?"

"That you correspond with him?"

"Of course, it is true. Why shouldn't I? He is one of our most intimate friends. I have a whole drawerful of his letters," she added, with a young girl's innocent malice.

"You keep his letters, then?"

"I keep yours too, George," she said, smiling upon him.

"But that's different. I'm your cousin."

"Oh, no doubt, it's different; but for the matter of that, I keep all letters."

"I wish you'd burn mine, then," he answered cynically. "I've no particular desire to have my letters tied up along with those of that fellow."

"Why, George, how cross you are! What has poor Captain Hillyard done to offend you? I thought you said he wasn't half a bad fellow, after you had met him the other night at the governor's; and I was so pleased to hear you say so, because we are all so fond of him at Prospect Gardens."

George flicked his pony testily with his riding-whip. "I don't see anything so particularly attractive about him. He's pleasant enough for a soldier, I dare say;

and no doubt," he added, "he's no end of an Adonis among the ladies. I'd like to see what sort of a figure he'd cut in London, though; he'd soon find his level there."

"And his level would-be?"

George shrugged his shoulders.

"I think you are very unjust to Captain Hillyard, George," said Evelyn with rising color. "A gentleman is always recognized as a gentleman wherever he goes, and Captain Hillyard is quite a gentleman. Besides, I don't think you should speak to me in this way about him. I have told you that he is one of our most intimate friends."

"And likely, no doubt, to be still more intimate than he is," said George.

"I hope so," replied Evelyn calmly.

They rode on in silence for a space, and then George returned to the charge. "All the same, Evelyn," he said, "you have not answered my question."

"What question?" she asked coldly.

"I asked if there was anything between you and Captain Hillyard."

"Once for all, George," she replied with warmth, "that is not a question that I think you have any right to ask me."

"And once for all, Evelyn," he answered, "I have told you I have that right. I'm your cousin — your nearest male relation, Evelyn."

"Then you are presuming on your relationship, George," she answered hotly.

"I don't think I am. I do care for you, Evelyn," he added, in a somewhat lower tone; "and you know, if I could do anything to promote your happiness, I should gladly do so."

"You take a curious way of showing your interest in me, then. Do you think you are promoting my happiness by saying all sorts of disagreeable things?"

"If I have done so, I am sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. But I don't think the question I asked was one which I was not entitled to ask."

"But indeed it was," she said, still in anger. "No one, excepting my own mother, had a right to ask me any such thing."

"I told you, Evelyn," he said earnestly, "if I asked it, I meant no impertinence."

"You say so now; but —"

"But it is true, Evelyn. If I did not care for you — more even than a cousin — I should not have said a word on the subject. I asked you, and I ask you still, Evelyn, because —" He hesitated for a moment, and then he added: "Because I love you!"

Evelyn's face became pale, but she did not speak.

"Because I love you, Evelyn," he continued; "and because — Evelyn, my darling!" he said with passion, "will you be my wife?" He drew his horse's head nearer to her; but she moved hers away from him.

"No, no!" he cried, seizing hold of her horse's bridle. "Answer me, Evelyn!"

But she only shook her head.

"Evelyn, say you love me! I *know* you love me!" he added with all a lover's impetuosity. "Say you will be my wife!"

"I don't know," she murmured. "O George, don't let us speak about such things! We have been so happy since you came. Why should we change —"

He did not let her complete her sentence. "Yes, Evelyn," he said, interrupting; "just so happy, that we must never, never part! Evelyn!" he cried, laying hold of her hand, "say you will be my wife!"

"I cannot, I cannot!" she answered. "O George, don't ask me!"

She struggled to release her hand; but he held it within his own as in a vice. "Evelyn," he replied, "you must answer me! Why should it not be? Why should you not marry me? Can you not love me, even a little?" he said.

"I do; you know I do, George. I have always loved you — loved you dearly — as a cousin."

"As a cousin!" he sneered.

"There is no one I love better — no one," she said — "and there never will be! But, O George, spare me! Be generous! Let us continue as we are. Why should we change?"

"No!" he said bitterly; "that can never be. You say you love me, and yet you refuse to be my wife!"

"I have never thought about marriage; I have never thought of you except as a cousin. I am too young to think about anything else. I shall not be eighteen till Christmas Day."

"Your own mother was married younger than that. Evelyn, if you refuse me now, we can never be the same to each other again!"

The girl dropped her veil — her tears were falling fast now.

"Never the same again!" he repeated.

They were fast nearing the end of their ride. At their feet lay the Hope River, basking in the pale light of the setting sun. Through the breaks in "the bush," they could discover the shingled roofs of the houses. The heat of the day was

over; the "dove's twilight" had begun. Already the decreasing light was assuming the duskiest shades of the raven's wing. In a few minutes more the night would be upon them.

"And if it can never be, Evelyn," he went on, "the sooner we part the better!"

Still on they rode side by side without exchanging a word. It was quite dark now, and the path was scarcely distinguishable. The first stars were "sprinkling the sky;" the first fireflies were flitting out and in amongst the black foliage of the bamboos that bordered the side of the road. A thick dew was falling too; the horses' manes were wet with it. As for George, he felt chilled through and through to the bone.

"Ah!" he said, with a sigh, as they emerged upon the high road at length, "I am glad we are out of the wood; I can see the carriage lamps on the road before us. But —"

"George!" said Evelyn, suddenly bringing her horse over beside his and slipping her hand into her cousin's.

"How late you are, children!" said Mrs. Durham, coming out to the porch to meet them. "Have you enjoyed your ride?"

"I have never had a more delightful — and if I live to a thousand, I shall never forget this day!" replied her nephew.

"That's right!" she said, kissing her daughter as she alighted from her horse. "And, Evelyn, I've a piece of news for you. Captain Hillyard has been here, and tells me that he is engaged to Miriam Da Costa. Now, run both of you, and dress. Dinner will be ready in less than half an hour."

VIII.

IN the lives of all men, and of all women also, there are tracts of time, of greater or less extent, that have no history. Some are happy, some are unhappy. Most of them are indifferent. Like low-lying valleys between two mountain peaks, they serve to accentuate the events which precede and succeed them. On one of these, George was now about to enter. It lasted till the week before Christmas. It was the happiest period of his life. It was the flowery crown of Evelyn's. Their days glided by as the days were wont to glide,

When Man was young, and Life was epic.

Jamaica became, for the nonce, an Arcadia; George and Evelyn were Daphnis

and Chloe. Longus himself might have found a subject for his pen in the pure, the faithful, and the cloudless loves of the cousins. But for his diary—a diary kept negligently and irregularly, as the diaries of happy lovers generally are, but which, in long after-years, came to be regarded by him as the most precious of all his earthly possessions—George could never have told how this time was passed. Day succeeded day, week followed week, and each was brighter and happier and more pleasure-fraught than its predecessor. One night there was a great ball at Queen's House, given in George's honor, at which Evelyn, dressed in white, with eucharis in her hair, and pearls round her neck, was the belle and the queen. One day there was a garden-party at the chief justice's, and dancing in a marquee to the stirring strains of the band of the Second West; and here again Evelyn bore off the palm from all competitors. Another day the excitement was the arrival of a telegram from Lady Durham, in which she congratulated her son on the excellence of his choice. There were entries of dinner-parties innumerable; for all the plains had deigned to approve the engagement, and were anxious to show their approval in the orthodox manner.

Then came "the seasons," when all festivities perforce ceased, and George, almost entirely confined to the house, was fain to confess to his journal that he ate too much, slept too much, could get no exercise, and was feeling bilious and out of sorts. But the rains passed away, and amusement of all kinds began again—dinner-parties, dances, and at homes, kettledrums, luncheons, and balls. Every day had its function. It almost seemed as if the plains had taken it into their head that Jamaica hospitality was on its trial, and that they were determined to vindicate its claim to be socially as well as physically the Queen of the Antilles.

"It's as bad as London in the season," wrote George in his journal. "It is a never-ceasing round of gaiety and dissipation. Evelyn says it is all meant out of civility to me. But sometimes I would gladly dispense with the compliment. I am feeling the heat a good deal. All the blood in my body seems collected in my head. I have not got over my thirst yet. I drink all day—anything I can lay my hands on. But lemonade—the juice of two or three limes squeezed into a tumbler of water, sweetened, and with a big lump of ice in it—is the best of all."

It had been decided, after numberless family councils and much communication both by telegraph and by letter with Lady Durham at Deepdale, that George and Evelyn were to be married in England; and as there was really no reason why the happiness of the lovers should be delayed, Mrs. Durham had determined that she and her daughters should go home with George; and that as soon as Evelyn's trousseau could be got ready, the marriage should take place. But his aunt was resolved that George should adhere to his original intention, and spend his Christmas in Jamaica. Christmas Day was Evelyn's birthday; and Mrs. Durham designed to celebrate the double event with a dinner and a dance, which should not only be a return for all the attention shown to George by "the dwellers in the plains," but a sort of official announcement of her daughter's approaching marriage.

As Christmas-tide approached, Mrs. Durham's time was much occupied. Not only were there the preparations for her ball to be made; but the arrangements for her contemplated "trip off" necessitated many visits to Kingston and much consultation with attorneys and solicitors. The cousins were consequently left very much to themselves.

It happened that Mrs. Durham had occasion to visit a small property of hers called Blairadam Castle, about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston; and as the Falls of the Mammee River had to be passed on the way, it was determined to make a picnic of the excursion, to give George the chance of seeing the only waterfall in Jamaica. The morning of the expedition broke bright and clear. The heat was great; but a fresh "Rock" wind—locally known by the name of "the Doctor"—was blowing, and prevented it from being oppressive. The cavalcade started, shortly after breakfast, in two "machines." In the first were Mrs. Durham and her two younger daughters. In the other—a single buggy, drawn by two stubborn mules, with Mannie the undergroom hanging on to the knifeboard behind—a regular "planter's turn-out," as Mrs. Durham called it—were George and Evelyn.

For the first seven miles of the journey, following the course of the Windward Road and passing Rock Fort, where the convicts from the penitentiary, under charge of boatswains armed with loaded rifles, were at work on the limestone quarries, they emerged upon a shingly beach,

bordered with bulrushes and the broad-leaved seaside grape. Then came a stretch of white road, hedged with gigantic cactus and prickly-pears; then a dry river to be traversed; then another stretch of dazzling road; then another dry river, and so on, till they reached the little roadside tavern where their mountain ponies awaited them. Entering upon a mountain gorge, through which flowed the impetuous Mamme River, they rode on for a couple of miles farther. The road, or rather track, crossed and recrossed the stream no less than seven times in the most eccentric manner, according as the one side or the other of the bank had been least eaten away by the late November floods. At one time, the travellers had actually to wade their way through the rough bed of the mountain torrent, picking their steps between blocks of limestone as large as boulders on some wild Highland moor.

For the first mile or so, there was nothing very particular either in the scenery or the vegetation. The fanlike thatch palm was common. The corato or aloe, with its spike of sweet-scented flowers — from which, tradition relates, the idea of the candlesticks in the Jewish tabernacle was derived — flourished luxuriantly. A few lianas hung down from the cliffs; and maiden-hair and the flowering fern showed fresh and green in shady nooks amongst the rocks. But as they advanced farther into the heart of the mountains, they felt as if getting into the grip of a vice. The walls of the gorge narrowed, and became sheer-down precipices, almost bare of verdure, and rising to an enormous height. The boulders in the bed of the stream grew larger. Then, all of a sudden, they found themselves at the foot of the Falls, looking up at a rope of water some two hundred and fifty feet high, tearing down over the cliffs, and making the whole gorge resound with its rush and its roar and its shiver. Crossing the stream once again, they came upon the Staircase, a partially covered ascending passage, tunnelled out of the limestone rock, which led by a winding and devious route to the top of the Falls. It did not require an experienced geological eye to explain the cause of this curious roadway. It was the old bed of the river, or rather the outlet by which it had forced a way through the rock, before it found its present issue in the Falls. There were portions of it almost like Kits' Coty House in Cornwall; and the craggy masses which formed its roof were as distinctly separated from the parent mass as if they had been dropped

down upon it by a glacier. But the rounded outlines of the inner surface of this roof disclosed the action of water, not of ice. The spaces and crevices between the stones were only the result of the unequal texture of the limestone of which the cliff was composed.

Issuing from the Staircase, the travellers found themselves on a flat plateau, shaded with magnificent trees, through the midst of which ran the little Mamme River, with its affluent the Cane River. Both streams unite just before they fall over the cliffs. At the point where the two conjoined, the children and the servants were left behind to prepare luncheon; whilst Mrs. Durham, George, and Evelyn continued their ride to the old dower-house, which was the goal of their expedition. At every step, the scenery became wilder and less civilized. Watted negro huts, bedaubed with mud, with children disporting themselves before them in all the sweet simplicity of nature, at least so far as their attire was concerned; provision-grounds, where the yams and the plantains and the cocoas and the cassavas appeared to be growing out of the barren rock; here a patch of virgin forest; there the grass-grown track of a "thrown-up" road. And elevated though they were more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, above them rose the eternal hills, clad with verdure even to their summits, looking not one whit the nearer than they did, when, two hours before, they were standing at the foot of the gorge.

But the heat was sickening. They had not gone a mile before George was obliged to succumb. His head, he said, felt as if it would split; he was so tired that he could scarcely sit his horse; there was a haze before his eyes; if he went on for five minutes longer, he was certain he should have sunstroke. He returned, therefore, with Evelyn to the place where he had left the children. On a flat rock, covered with a snowy tablecloth, were spread all the requisites for an elaborate luncheon. The mules and horses were browsing peacefully by the waterside. The servants, some distance farther off, were smoking their cutty pipes underneath a clump of mango trees.

"Now, George," said Evelyn, when they had dismounted from their horses, "we shall sit down here and rest till mother returns. One of you," she said, turning to the servants, "run and fetch me a cool plantain leaf." And when it came, she bound it round George's fore-

head with a handkerchief; and then, making him eat a morsel of turkey, and drink a glass of champagne, which she poured out for him herself, she bade him light his cigar and seat himself on the rock by her side.

"You'll be better soon, dear George," she said. "The plantain leaf will put your headache away."

The rest and the shade and the refreshment did him good. But he could not get rid of his headache; on the contrary, as the day went on, it seemed to increase. He felt languid and good for nothing. He complained of the hardness of his saddle, the jolting of his horse. Once or twice, Mannie, who followed him on foot, holding on by his horse's tail, had to put out his hand to prevent him from falling. In the carriage on the way home—for Mrs. Durham had insisted upon his letting the children take his and Evelyn's place in the buggy—he was restless and fidgety. Long before they reached Prospect Gardens, Mrs. Durham and her daughter had communicated to each other, by glances, the suspicions which had simultaneously crossed the minds of both.

"He's in for a touch of fever," said Mrs. Durham to Evelyn, when they had reached their destination. "Send Mannie off to Kingston for Dr. Samuelson, Evelyn, at once. It's a great comfort we have such a nurse as old Nana to attend on him."

"I shall nurse him myself, mother," said Evelyn resolutely. "It is my duty. But if he gets very bad, I dare say I shall be thankful for Nana's help."

IX.

THERE was much sympathy shown Mrs. Durham by all "the dwellers in the plains," when it was known that her nephew was "down with fever." The young baronet was popular with all that pleasant society; moreover, he was the hero of a little domestic romance. Above all, he was a baronet, and titles have always had their value in the colonies. The governor sent daily to inquire for him; so also did the chief justice and the colonial secretary, and in fact everybody who either had made, or hoped in future to make, his acquaintance. At first, there was every appearance of its being only a slight attack.

"One never likes to prophesy unless one's sure," said Dr. Samuelson after he had paid two or three visits; "but I fancy it's just his acclimatizing touch of country fever. I hope it mayn't turn into any-

thing worse; I don't think it will. There's no yellow fever going about—to speak of. All the same, I don't think it is wise of Miss Durham to be so much in her cousin's room. She sits by his bedside for hours. I think, Mrs. Durham, you should persuade her to let old Nana do a good deal for him that she insists upon doing herself. The atmosphere of a sick-room is not the best for a young and delicate girl."

But Evelyn would listen to no such counsels. "You need not be afraid for me, doctor," she replied; "I'm not a fever subject. I've been two years in Jamaica without having had a day's illness. You remember, mother, the year before last, when yellow fever was so bad all over the plains, and even the negroes were taking it, I never had so much as a headache. I'm a true Creole, doctor; I'm perfectly climate-proof. Don't be afraid."

"All the same, Miss Durham, don't rush recklessly into danger," he answered.

"No, indeed; I shan't. But Sir George is a bad patient. I don't believe he would take the medicines you order him, if it were not for me. It needs all my coaxing and influence to get him to swallow all the horrible things you give him. And he feels the heat so much, he requires constant watching, to prevent him from catching cold."

"Ah well," said the doctor; "since it must be so, I shall say no more."

"Dr. Samuelson says you are getting on nicely, George," she said, when she had returned to her post at her cousin's bedside. "He does not think it is going to be a bad attack. There's no fever going about just now. What do you think he told me? The Kingston papers are publishing daily bulletins about your illness! Whenever he gets back to his surgery, he finds a reporter waiting to hear the latest intelligence. See what it is to be a favorite and a baronet, George!"

He put his hand within hers.

"No; put your hand within the clothes immediately," she said, "or I'll go away and leave you. The doctor is trying to get your skin to act, and there you go doing your best to keep yourself from getting well!"

He drew in his hand at once. "No; don't go!" he said. "I'll do any thing you want me; only don't go and leave me. O Evelyn!" he continued, "I don't think I could ever get better without you. You don't know how I dread the nights, when

Nana takes your place, and how I long for the daylight to see you again!"

"Don't be foolish, George," she said. "Of course, I can't be with you always. But —" And then she blushed a rosy blush. But she left her sentence unfinished.

"But it is quite true, Evelyn," said George, not noticing her confusion. "I really don't think I could get better if you were to go and leave me. And even with your nursing, my darling, I feel so ill sometimes, that I fear I may never recover. Evelyn, if I die —"

"O hush!" she said. "Don't talk nonsense, George. You're no more going to die than I am. We're both of us going to be married in spring, and live a hundred years at the very least. We're very near the end of the third volume now. You know all novels end with a marriage, and 'they lived happily ever afterwards.' And when we're married," she continued, still trying to amuse him, "O George, think how delightful it will be when we're married! We'll come out to Jamaica every year, won't we, dear? and spend our Christmas at Prospect Gardens! And mother will give us a ball —" She stopped short suddenly. "Ah! that reminds me. I wonder if mother has sent out notices putting off the one we were to have had on Christmas Day? Let me see. This is the 19th. If she has not, there's no time to be lost. If you'll spare me for a moment, George, I'll run and ask her." She left the room, but returned almost immediately, saying it was all right. Her mother had written the moment George's illness had declared itself.

"But it's only postponed," added Evelyn gaily. "Now, do get better quickly, like a dear boy, and let us have our dance before we go to England."

But a day or two afterwards, George's fever took an unfavorable turn.

"Massa Garge dead for true!" said old Nana, clasping her withered hands, when the first symptoms of the fatal black vomit made their appearance. "It yellow Jack. O my poor missy! An' him such a beautiful buckra too;" and seizing Evelyn's hand, she covered it with tears and kisses.

Dr. Samuelson was hastily sent for, and arrived only to confirm the terrible news.

"I'm afraid it is yellow fever," he said, shaking his head gravely. "Don't lose hope, dear Mrs. Durham. I've seen cases as bad as this in which the patient has recovered. Sir George has an excellent constitution. We must hope for the

best. In the mean time, we must try to fight against that unnatural drowsiness. That sleepiness is the first stage of coma, and if coma ensues —" The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"I am going to sit up with him to-night, mother," said Evelyn, when the doctor had taken his departure. "Nana can lie down on the pallet at the foot of his bed, if she likes. But Nana is getting old, and if anything" — her voice trembled — "if anything was to happen to him, I should never forgive myself! No, mother!" she continued, seeing her mother was about to speak; "there is no use trying to dissuade me. My mind is made up. If George dies —" She burst into a flood of tears.

"Miss Ebelyn!" said Nana, entering the apartment, "Massa Garge would like speak wid you. Him cry him head pain him so."

"Tell him, Nana, I'm coming directly. Get a fresh ice-bag ready, and take it into his room. You might take my dressing-gown with you too, Nana! I'm going to help you to nurse him to-night. It's nearly ten o'clock now, mother dear, so I'd better say good-night. If he's better to-morrow morning," she whispered in her mother's ear as she kissed her, "it will be all right yet. It's the ninth day, you know. Good-night, dearest mother; and don't forget us both," she added softly, "in your prayers."

X.

TOWARDS morning, the patient fell into a gentle slumber — a slumber which old Nana's experienced eye at once detected as being different from the drowsiness which had occasioned so much anxiety; and when, shortly after daylight, Dr. Samuelson entered the sick-room, he saw at a glance that the crisis was past.

"He owes his life, under God, to you, Miss Durham!" said the doctor, addressing Evelyn. "There are influences in this world more subtle than medicine — influences both to kill and to cure. Yours is one of the latter. I believe your mere presence in the sick-chamber has done him more good than all the resources of art. But —" He stopped short suddenly. "Let me feel your pulse," he said to the girl, looking her in the face. "I think you had better go and lie down, Miss Evelyn. You've overtaxed your strength, I'm afraid. You can leave Sir George to Nana with perfect confidence now. The worst is over. Go and lie down as quickly as possible. I'll bring

you something to take, the moment I hear you are in your bed."

Evelyn stooped down and kissed her sleeping cousin, and turned towards the door. Then returning, she kissed him once more. But as she was leaving the room, she reeled, and put her hand to her head. Dr. Samuelson sprang forward just in time to save her from falling.

"Take Miss Durham and put her to bed at once!" he said to the old nurse with an air of authority. "And ask Mrs. Durham to go down and sit beside her till I come."

Just then, George opened his eyes. "Evelyn!" he cried in a feeble voice.

"Good-morning, Sir George!" said the doctor cheerfully, advancing to the bedside. "How are you this morning? Better, I am sure?" laying his fingers on his pulse.

George shook his head. "I think not, doctor. I feel so weak, weaker than I have done yet. I feel as if I could hardly raise my hand. Where is Miss Durham? Where is Evelyn?"

"A good sign," said Dr. Samuelson; "none better. You can't expect to feel particularly strong, after so sharp a touch of fever. But you'll do now, Sir George; you're on the right road now."

"Where is my cousin, doctor? She was with me all night."

"Miss Evelyn? Oh, she's gone to lie down for a little; she's a little tired with being up all night. I've sent her to try to get a sleep. You must try to do without her to-day, Sir George. A young lady's strength is not so great as that of an old nigger's, and I think she's been overtaxing her powers these last few days."

"Is she ill, doctor?" said the patient, trying to raise himself in his bed.

"Lie down; pray, be still, my dear Sir George! You'll never get better unless you try to keep calm. No, no; not ill. Miss Evelyn's not ill — only a little over-fatigued, you know. A good sleep will put her all right. Oh, here's Nana! — Nana, stay with Sir George till I return. I'm going up-stairs to write a prescription. Meantime, you can give our patient a little of that jelly. You must try and take some nourishment now — not too much at first, you know." And nodding cheerfully to his patient, he left the room.

The morning passed; the noontide came and went, but no Evelyn came to cheer the sick man with her gracious presence.

It struck George, as he lay there weary-

ing for her coming, that never since the commencement of his illness had he received so little attention. Nana seemed constantly leaving the room; and once when she returned, he fancied he saw the marks of recent tears on her worn and wrinkled countenance. The doctor's visits were fewer and shorter than ever. As for his aunt, she looked in only once during the day, staying only a few minutes. In answer to his inquiries about her daughter, she said Evelyn was still in bed; and then, making some excuse, she hurriedly left the apartment.

He passed a miserable day. He could not understand why his betrothed stayed away. He felt hurt — deeply hurt — at her treatment of him. And why, if he was getting better, did every one shun his chamber? Above all, why was he left alone so often and so long?

Not even from Dr. Samuelson, when he came to pay his evening visit, did he obtain the satisfaction or the information that he desired. The doctor was hurried, grave, and taciturn. He told George he was going on nicely. But when he asked for Evelyn, he evaded saying anything about her, by telling him he had not seen her yet. Then, bidding George a hasty good-night, he left him alone with Nana.

The night passed somehow. But to George it was a night both of uneasiness and mystery. It seemed to his fevered imagination as if something unusual was going on. There were noises forever on the stairs, in the room above him, in the piazzas. There were lights constantly passing and repassing across the courtyard. At times, he thought he caught the sound of muffled sobs. Once — it was just about second cockcrow — he was certain he heard a woman's despairing scream.

It was late before he slept, and when he did sleep, it was a troubled, uneasy slumber, broken by dreams like the visions of a nightmare — a sleep which gave him no refreshment, and brought with it no solace. Towards morning, he awoke with a start. To his great surprise, he found that he was alone in the room — even old Nana had deserted him. He could not understand it. What did it all mean? But he was too drowsy to be able to reason out the matter. He turned over to the other side, and in five minutes after, he was asleep again.

When he next awoke, it was broad daylight. It was Christmas morning — Evelyn's birthday. The birds were singing

in the trees; the sunlight was pouring in through the jealousies of his chamber. All was quiet, tranquil, and still. A Christmas feeling seemed to pervade all nature. In fancy, he almost heard the angelic voices singing, —

Peace on earth and good-will to men.

As he lay there, revelling in the light and the joy and the sunshine, the door opened softly, and Mrs. Durham appeared. She was clad in a long white dressing-gown. Her face was very pale, and there were deep blue circles round her eyes, which spoke of a night of watching, perhaps of weeping.

"Aunt!" said George, as she approached his bedside, "what brings you here at this hour of the morning? How is Evelyn?" he said, without pausing for a reply, for something in her face excited his gravest apprehensions.

"Better, dear," she replied in the calm, low voice which was habitual to her. "Better — much better, *now*."

"Is she up yet? It is her birthday! Shall I see her soon?"

"No; you can't see her, George," she answered, with an almost imperceptible tremor in her voice. "But she sends you this, and her dearest love, and wishes you a happy Christmas and many of them." She bent down and kissed him on his brow, and placed a little Prayer-book in his hand.

He took it, half awed, half wondering at her manner, and as he opened it, there fell out a lock of Evelyn's auburn hair. "It is Evelyn's Prayer-book, and this is her hair," said her nephew. "What does it all mean, aunt?"

For only answer, the bereaved mother fell on her knees by his bed in an agony of tears.

In the little churchyard of Halfway Tree, close to the gateway where the gentry congregate after service on Sundays, whilst waiting for their carriages, half hidden amongst the profuse growth of flowers and greenery which surrounds it, stands a pure white marble cross, which marks the grave of a young girl. Years have passed since that poor little life found its last resting-place in that quiet grave. But any one who is curious may yet read the inscription upon it. It is this: —

EVELYN DURHAM

Went to her rest on the 18th anniversary
of her birthday.

John xv. 13th verse.

From All The Year Round.

SOME THINGS OF OLD SPAIN.

QUITE at the opening of the eighteenth century, the Countess Danois, a lady of high social position at the French court, was minded to pay a visit to a kinswoman married to a Spanish grandee of rank and influence, who resided for the most part at Madrid. The countess appears to have possessed considerable powers of observation, combined with the tendency to hasty generalization which characterizes the French people, but which also imparts an indescribable vivacity and sprightliness to their narrative correspondence. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to premise that in all comparisons the Spaniards and their usages are pronounced decidedly inferior to Frenchmen, though accredited with many excellent qualities and accomplishments.

At that period no country in Europe had much reason to boast of its city streets or country roads, but Spain seems to have enjoyed a peculiarly bad pre-eminence in that respect. Even in Madrid, the streets are described as "long and even, and of a good largeness, but there is no place worse paved. Let one go as softly as possible, yet one is almost jumbled and shaken to pieces. There are more ditches and dirty places than in any city in the world. The horses go up to the bellies, and the coaches up to the middle, so that it dashes all upon you, and your clothes are spoiled, unless you either pull up the glasses, or draw the curtains very often. The water comes into the coaches at the bottom of the boots, which are open." Notwithstanding the filthy condition of the streets, it was a common practice for dashing young cavaleros to walk by the side of a carriage containing ladies to whom they desired to be particularly attentive, and it may be imagined that their brilliant costumes were not beautified by the operation. A worse fate often befell those who at nightfall threaded their way through the dark thoroughfares with the intention of serenading the object of their passing adoration, for in Madrid, as in Edinburgh, it was customary to empty the slops of the household out of the windows.

Apparently to compensate for the slowness of locomotion in the capital, fashion exacted a tremendous pace in the country, with the not unfrequent result of an upset, or, at least, of a broken axle-tree, or a wheel coming to grief. Mules were in greater request than horses, six being

harnessed to a carriage in rural districts, but only four in the capital. The traces, made of silk or hemp, were outrageously long, so that the interval between each pair of animals exceeded three ells. The coachman, instead of occupying the box-seat, rode one of the foremost mules, lest he should overhear the conversation going on behind his back, as happened in the case of the coachman of the Duke d'Olivares, who revealed a matter of great importance with which he had thus become acquainted.

Country houses, when not actually inhabited, were shut up and abandoned to the winds of heaven. The Escorial itself was practically left unguarded. Travellers were thus obliged to take with them whatever provisions they were likely to require during their excursion, for even bread was seldom procurable, and never of good quality. Country inns were simply detestable. The entrance was always through the stable, in which mules and muleteers were huddled promiscuously. Access to the habitable part of the house was obtained by means of a ladder, at the head of which stood the hostess in holiday attire, having made the new arrivals wait in their litters until she was presentable. Having at last got thus far, "you are showed a chamber whose walls are white enough, hung with a thousand little scurvy pictures of saints. The beds are without curtains, the covertures of cotton, the sheets as large as napkins, and the napkins like pocket-handkerchiefs; and you must be in some considerable town to find four or five of them; for in other places there are none, no more than there are forks. They have only a cup in the house; and if the mule-drivers get first hold of it, which commonly happens if they please (for they are served with more respect than those whom they bring), you must stay patiently till they have done with it, or drink out of an earthen pitcher."

The only fire at which a wet and shivering traveller could hope to dry and warm himself was in the kitchen, to which there was no chimney, the smoke escaping through a hole in the ceiling. "I think," the countess remarks, "there cannot be a better representation of hell than these sort of kitchens and the persons in them; for, not to speak of this horrible smoke, which blinds and chokes one, there are a dozen men and as many women, blacker than devils, nasty, and stinking like swine, and clad like beggars. There are always some of them impudently grating on a

sorry guitar and singing like a cat roasting." The women had their hair dishevelled and hanging about their ears, with glass necklaces "twisted about their necks like ropes of onions," but which served to "cover the nastiness of their skin." They were also given to pilfering, and regarded the eighth commandment as a dead letter.

No matter at what hour the traveller arrived, he would find nothing in the house fit to eat or drink. A messenger had to be sent round to the different shops to buy meat, bread, groceries, and wine, and then the cooking spoiled everything. Mutton was fried with oil, partridges were dried up to a cinder, roast joints were served up as black as smoke and dirty fingers could make them. The fish-pasties might have been good had they not been stuffed with garlic, saffron, and pepper; while the bread, though white and sweet, was so badly kneaded and baked that it lay "as heavy as lead in the stomach." It was made in the shape of flat cakes, about the thickness of a man's finger. The grapes, however, were large and of delicate flavor, and the lettuces so excellent that the whole world could not afford better.

The militia may have been good food for powder, but the description of them reminds one of Sir John Falstaff's tatterdemalions. "You shall seldom see," said Don Sancho Sanniento, "in a whole regiment any soldier that has more shirts than that on his back, and the stuff they wear seems for its coarseness to be made of pack-thread. Their shoes are made of cord; they wear no stockings; yet every man has his peacock or dunghill-cock's feather in his cap, which is tied up behind, with a rag about his neck in form of a ruff; their swords oftentimes hang by their sides, tied with a bit of cord, and without any scabbard. The rest of their arms is seldom in better order."

The postal arrangements left much to be desired. Letters were put into a sack, tied with rotten cord to the shoulders of the postmen, or "foot-posts" as they were called, and as these worthies were in the habit of drinking themselves drunk, the contents of their wallets often fell into wrong hands. It seems strange to us at the present day that the Countess Danois and one of her companions, Don Frederigo de Cardonna, should have diverted themselves with opening and reading some letters which had accidentally been dropped on the staircase, and that one of them should have been translated for the

benefit of the countess's correspondent in France. Neither the lady nor the cavalier appears to have thought that there was anything objectionable in their conduct. The countess had barely finished transcribing the purloined letter when she received a visit from the alcalde's son, who is described as a *guap*, corresponding to our dandy or exquisite.

"His hair was parted on the crown of his head, and tied behind with a blue ribbon, about four fingers' breadth, and about two yards long, which hung down at its full length; his breeches were of black velvet, buttoned down on each knee with five or six buttons; he had a vest on so short that it scarce reached below his pockets, a scolloped doublet, with hanging sleeves, about four fingers' breadth, made of white embroidered sattin. His cloak was of black bays, and he, being a spark, had wrapped it round his arm, because this is more gallant, with a very light buckler in his hand, and which has a steel pike standing out in the middle; they carry it with them when they walk in the night on any occasion; he held in the other hand a sword, longer than an half-pike, and the iron for its guard was enough to make a breast and back plate. These swords being so long that they cannot be drawn out unless a man has the arms of a giant, the sheath therefore flies open in laying the finger on a little spring. He had likewise a dagger, whose blade was very narrow; it was fastened to his belt on his back; he had such a straight collar that he could neither stoop nor turn about his head. Nothing can be more ridiculous than what they wear about their necks, for it is neither a ruff, band, nor cravat. His hat was of a prodigious size, with a great band twisted about it, bigger than a mourning one. His shoes were of as fine leather as that whereof gloves are made, and all slashed and cut, notwithstanding the cold, and so exactly close to his feet, and having no heels, that they seemed rather pasted on. In entering he made me a reverence after the Spanish fashion, his two legs cross one another, and stooping as women do when they salute one another; he was strongly perfumed, and they are all so."

A few leagues from Madrid, Countess Danois was invited to dine at a fine house belonging to an old gentleman named Don Augustin Pachelo, who had lately married his third wife, Donna Theresa de Fegueroa, a lovely young girl of "sweet seventeen." Although it was ten o'clock the lady had not yet left her bed, to which

the countess was conducted, while the gentlemen remained in the gallery, "because it is not the custom in Spain for men to go into women's chambers while they are in bed; even a brother had not this privilege, unless his sister be sick." So particular were the Spaniards in some matters, that before Donna Theresa ventured to put on her stockings and shoes she locked and bolted the door, saying that she would rather die than that the gentlemen should see her feet, which happened to be remarkably small. The first thing in the morning and the last thing at night was to take a little cup full of red paint, and with a good-sized pencil lay it on cheeks and chin, under the nose, over the eyebrows and tips of the ears, and even inside the palms and fingers of the hand. Donna Theresa confessed that she would rather dispense with all this painting, but could not do so as the custom was universal. One of her women perfumed her from head to foot with the smoke of choice pastilles, while another squirted through her teeth a shower of orange-flower water over her face. Dinner was served at an early hour, a cloth being laid on a table for the gentlemen, and on the floor for the ladies—a reminiscence of the Moorish times when women occupied a very inferior position in the social system. The countess, however, was unable to accomplish the feat of dining with her legs under her, so that in the end the ladies were likewise promoted to the dignity of sitting at the table, though Donna Theresa was a little awkward at first, and explained that she had never before sat on a chair.

In Madrid the number of domestic servants that every rich man was expected to maintain was an intolerable nuisance. The menial servants, indeed, were paid no more than two reals a day for food and wages, or about sixpence of the English currency of the period. Nor did the "gentlemen" attendants receive above fifteen crowns a month, "with which they must wear velvet in winter and taffaty in summer, but then they live upon onions, pease, and such like mean stuff, and this makes the pages and footmen as greedy as dogs." Indeed, the Spaniards were exceedingly temperate when eating and drinking at their own expense, but were not so easily satisfied when feasting at another's cost. "I have seen," remarks the countess, "persons of the highest quality eat with us like so many wolves, they were so hungry." They themselves ascribed their voracity to the excellence

of the French ragouts. For the most part the Spaniards drank very little wine, and that much diluted. At the death of the head of a family the servants were transferred, as an addition to the household of his son and successor. The women servants usually were taken over by a daughter, or daughter-in-law, when the mother died, and so on to the fourth generation. Very often they were not required to do any work at all, but were expected to present themselves now and again to show that they were still in the land of the living. The Duchess of Ossuna told the countess, who was astonished to see so many chambermaids and waiting-women, that she had got rid of five hundred, and had then only three hundred in her service. The king, it was said, had fully ten thousand persons dependent on him in Madrid alone. For all that it was forbidden, save in the case of ambassadors and strangers, to go out with more than three attendants, of whom one must be a groom, to walk or run by the side of the horses, "to hinder them from putting and entangling their legs in their long traces." The groom was not suffered to carry a sword as the footmen did. All three were middle-aged men, of a tawny hue and clownish aspect, with their hair cut close on the top of their heads.

A truly Oriental custom existed in those days, which was often attended with much inconvenience. If one inadvertently praised any article belonging to another, the latter was bound to urge its acceptance on the admirer. The Countess Danois chanced to compliment Don Antonio of Toledo, son to the Duke of Alva, on the beauty of his harness, which was of an Isabella color. He replied that he laid them at her feet, and that same evening she was informed that his six horses were in her stable, and it was with great difficulty that she induced him to take them back again. She herself, at the very outset, had a disagreeable experience of this custom. She was in the habit of winding up her watch at noon, the ordinary dinner-hour, and one of her women brought it to her as usual for that purpose. It was a striking watch of Tompion's make, and cost fifty louis d'or. Her banker, who was seated beside her, expressed curiosity to look at it. Whereupon she carelessly handed it to him, with a few words of civility. To her dismay he rose, made her a profound reverence, avowed his unworthiness to receive such a favor, and protested that he would never

part with the watch under any circumstances. He then kissed it, and dropped it into his capacious pocket.

Male and female dwarfs constituted a never-failing feature in every rich household. Both sexes were hideously ugly, but the women looked especially repulsive from their hair hanging loose about their ears, and reaching to the ground. They were clad in rich apparel, and being in their mistress's confidence, were denied nothing they coveted.

Farthingales were no longer of such a prodigious bigness that hardly any doors were wide enough for them. At that time the overgrown article was worn only in the presence of royalty. Elsewhere ladies contented themselves with a vestment of much smaller dimensions, "made of thick copper wire in a round form, about the girdle; there are ribbons fastened to them, with which they tie another round of the same form, which falls down a little lower, and which is wider; and of these they have five or six rounds which reach down to the ground, and bear out their petticoats and other garments."

The Spanish women being, as a rule, of short stature, they supplemented nature by walking on tall pattens, as high as small stilts. They have certainly improved in their gait since those days, when they kept their elbows close to their sides and glided along with great rapidity, without raising their feet, though they made slow and awkward progress with their six-inch-high pattens. Not unfrequently they wore a dozen under-garments, and never fewer than seven or eight in the hottest weather. The fashion of their dress was quite unsuitable to their abnormal leanness, which they regarded as a beauty. In front their bodies were shaped very high, but behind they were cut very low, and made a great display of the brown skin "glewed to their backs." Their shoulders, however, were relieved by red paint. Their hands were small, white, and well-shaped. People of quality indulged in very fine linen, which was so scarce and dear that the commonalty, whose vanity made them ape their betters, were constrained to make shift with a single garment, and while it was being washed they either remained in bed or went about without one. In the matter of jewellery, Spanish ladies were very extravagant. Precious stones, however, were badly set, being over-framed in gold. It was not enough, as in France, to possess one costly set. Fashion demanded

that a Spanish lady should have eight or ten sets, some of diamonds, others of rubies, emeralds, pearls, and turquoises. "The ladies," as we learn from the Countess Danois, "wear at the top of their stays a broad knot of diamonds, from whence there hangs a chain of pearls, or ten or twelve knots of diamonds, which they fasten at the other end to their sides. They never wear any necklace, but they wear bracelets, rings, and pendants; the latter of which are longer than a person's hand, and so heavy that I have wondered how they could carry them without tearing out the lobes of their ears, to which they add whatever they think pretty. I have seen some have large watches hanging there, others padlocks of precious stones, and even your fine-wrought English keys and little bells. They also carry upon their sleeves, their shoulders, and all about their cloaths Agnus Deis and small images. They have their heads stuck full of bodkins, some made of diamonds in the shape of a fly, and others like butterflies, whose colors are distinguished by various stones."

In the best houses the ladies were accustomed to sit on the ground cross-legged. Visitors were announced by a dwarf, kneeling upon one knee, whereupon all the company rose from the ground, an operation repeated fifty or sixty times during a call. There was no kissing, lest perchance they might rub the color off one another's faces. The ordinary form of salutation was with ungloved hands, and in conversation the second personal pronoun, thou or thee, was always used. They never addressed one another by their titles, but by their Christian names, Donna Maria, Donna Clara, or whatever it might be, so that all acquaintances were deemed to be socially equal. At the same time a wide gulf was fixed between the nobility and members of the different professions. "The wives of the gentlemen of the long robe never so much as visit the court ladies, and a man of inferior birth never marries with a woman of quality; you never see those who are not gentlemen mix with the nobility, as in France."

The toilet-table was meagrely furnished. The Countess Danois observed in the bed-chamber of the Marchioness of Alconnizas, "one of the neatest and richest ladies," that, although the toilet-service was laid out upon a silver table, it consisted only of a small piece of calico, a looking-glass not larger than one's hand, two combs, a little box, and a small China

cup containing the white of an egg beaten up with sugar-candy, which was used to take the dirt off the face and make it shine. Notwithstanding the refinement of Spanish manners, ladies and gentlemen picked their teeth at table "with grave looks," no matter who might be present. Gravity was held of great account. To acquire a look of gravity quite young ladies had huge spectacles on their noses, fastened to their ears, but through which they were never minded to look. Another curious fancy was to eat quantities of medicinal earth. Penitents were sometimes enjoined to abstain from eating this unwholesome stuff for a whole day, which was considered a severe penance. It was believed to be an antidote to poison, and to cure all manner of diseases. Countess Danois had a cup made of this earth which spoiled the flavor of wine, but purified water, and being exceedingly porous would quickly absorb all the liquid poured into it.

Some ladies went a dozen times in the day to hear mass, but paid little attention to what was going on sacerdotally. A fan was indispensable, summer or winter. Their muffs, made of the finest martens and sables, were above half an ell in length, and cost four or five hundred crowns apiece. In church they squatted on the ground, and were continually taking snuff, though without letting it fall on their dress. Each time the elevation took place both men and women struck their breasts with their fists, and seemingly with great violence. At the termination of the service the professed gallants, who were marked by a piece of crape round their hats, ranged themselves round the place where the holy water was kept, and presented some to each lady as she passed, together with a little complimentary speech to which a courteous reply was usually returned. Some jealous husbands, however, complained of this practice to the pope's nuncio, who forbade its continuance under pain of excommunication.

Lent was a very trying season for the French travellers, though they observed only Passion Week. For one thing, butter was scarce, dear, and bad. It was brought in hogs' bladders from a place thirty leagues distant, and was full of worms. Most people, therefore, preferred olive-oil, when capable of digesting it. Salt-water fish was seldom procurable, though sometimes salmon pies seasoned with spice and saffron, could be had and were not much amiss. But nobody who

could afford to pay a shilling to the pope's nuncio for a dispensation ever thought of fasting in Lent, especially as the same license gave permission to eat the head, feet, and inwards of poultry every Saturday throughout the year. We are not told, however, what became of the nobler and daintier parts of the bird. Butcher's meat was as easily obtainable in Lent as at any other period — that is to say, the purchase was effected with the same trouble and annoyance. The meat was not exposed to view, but was shut up in the shop. The bargaining was transacted at a little window. The customer asked, perhaps, for a loin of veal and paid down the money. After a while, a leg of mutton would be offered to him, to be succeeded, if rejected, by a short rib of beef. If this too was refused, his money would be thrown to him, and the window shut down. The usual plan was to mention the quantity of meat, and leave it to the butcher to give what he pleased. In any case it was sure to be lean, dry, and black; but it made better soup than French meat. Good wine was not to be had in Madrid. It was strong, and both tasted and smelt of pitch from being kept in bags made of buckskin. It was retailed in very small quantities. The stuff sold to the poor was made worse than it would otherwise have been by being allowed to stand all day in an open basin, so that it became sour, and emitted a pungent odor.

Religion and gallantry were curiously mixed up together in those days. The disciplinarians were a fantastic reminiscence of the flagellants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. They were attired rather gaily and walked with mincing steps, but when they stopped before their mistress's window they showed themselves very much in earnest, and were encouraged by their lady-love to flay themselves alive. "When they meet a handsome woman they whip themselves after such a rate as to make the blood fly about her. This is esteemed a particular civility, and the lady acknowledges and thanks them for it." By way of variety some of the disciplinarians stuck needles into sponges, with which they pricked their shoulders and sides as if they enjoyed the operation. Some of the young sprigs of nobility were in the habit of sallying forth at night, attended by friends and footmen with lighted flambeaux of white wax, and carrying the instrument of penance, ornamented with streamers of ribbon, presented by their mistress. Having taken up their station beneath her

balcony, they would lay on with might and main until their blood flowed copiously. Other penitents, like the Indian jogees, would walk about with as many as seven swords run through the skin of their arms and body, and as they went barefooted over the sharp, uneven stones they occasionally tripped, and in falling hurt themselves grievously. A good deal of irreverential familiarity was combined with the religious traditions of the Spaniards of that period. On the occasion of the Corpus Christi festival the king and the whole court followed the Holy Sacrament through the streets, carrying each a lighted candle of white wax. After the procession had returned to the church whence it started, everybody hurried home to dine, and then hastened to witness an open-air performance of a curious jumble of things sacred and profane. The one at which the Countess Danois was present purported to represent an assembly of the knights of St. James, to whom came the Saviour with a request that he might be admitted into their order. The knights drew apart and discussed the application. Some were in favor of receiving the Saviour into their order, but the elder men objected that the applicant was an individual of very humble extraction. His father, they said, was a poor carpenter, while his mother was a sempstress, and worked with her needle. Meanwhile the Saviour testified extreme impatience at the delay, and was quite overcome on learning that their final decision was unfavorable. To soothe his wounded feelings, however, they agreed to institute a new order, to be called the Order of Christ, and the proposition appeared to give satisfaction to every one.

It is quite intelligible that the countess should be unable to control her painful emotions on beholding for the first time the horrors of the bull-ring. At that time lives were wantonly thrown away in the hope of winning a smile or the flutter of a handkerchief from an indulgent mistress. Men of noble birth then entered the arena, and prided themselves on their dexterity in avoiding the rush of the infuriated beast, and on their steadfast courage in accepting death when escape became impossible. The horses that were then pitted against the bull were valuable and thoroughbred animals, easily manageable, though of a bold and unflinching temperament. They were frequently gored, and even tossed, amid the rapturous applause of high-born lords and dames, who had no ruth for the sufferings of man or

beast, so long as they themselves were thrilled with inhuman excitement.

The working classes were naturally brutalized, not only by such hideous spectacles, but also by the extreme poverty and scanty fare to which they were reduced. In Madrid, indeed, they were better off, and might have earned a tolerable livelihood, could they have divested themselves of their besetting sin of laziness. Their great delight was to bask in the sun and discuss public affairs with great vehemence and considerable shrewdness. "You cannot," the countess remarks, "see a joiner, a saddler, or other sort of shopkeeper, without his velvet and satin suit like the king's, with his long rapier and dagger, and his guitar hanging up in his shop." After idling through the week they would work on Sunday, or any other sacred festival, and carry their goods to their employers. "If it is a shoemaker, and he has two apprentices, he takes them both with him, and each of them carry a shoe; nay, if he has three they must all go along with him, and it is with much ado that he will stoop to try the shoes he has made."

It is surely nothing wonderful that such a people should have vanished from the political firmament of Europe, almost as completely as the lost Pleiad from the starry heavens above and around us.

From All The Year Round.

ALONG THE SILVER STREAK.

WHAT a sight met our eyes as we came on deck in the early morning, and found the "Sea-Mew" gently steaming along by Spithead, the narrow waters all bright with sunshine, and studded with countless sails! It was the time of regattas, and the sea was alive with yachts of all sizes and shapes, among which big ironclads at anchor showed like birds of prey among the fluttering, quickly darting flock. Crowded ferry steamers were wending their way among the press of sailing craft. The roofs of Ryde were glittering in the morning sunshine, and the long pier stretched towards us as if to tempt us to land on the pleasant green shores. A band in the distance played the part of Circe, but Captain Mac, as Ulysses, held us firmly to our course, and Ryde was left behind, and the wooded slopes of Osborne appeared in view. Everywhere white sails were piled higher and higher on tapering masts, as the gentle breeze

raised a curling ripple on the blue waters. Cowes was hardly to be seen for the cloud of sails, and the mouth of the Medina was full of the cobweb-like tracery of spars and rigging. Everything cried out "Stay!" but cried in vain, for the indicator showed "Ahead full speed," and except when some adventurous cutter or schooner with all her spread of canvas thrust herself across our course, full speed ahead continued to be expected from the laboring engines. For Captain Mac had promised Hilda that she should sleep under the roof of home that night, and the prospect of losing his passengers before nightfall stimulated him to unwonted energy.

And so the varied panorama of the coast passes before our eyes, with its white cliffs and grey, its red cliffs and blue; the coast-line that has no equal in its variety, brightness, and charm in all this hemisphere—that is, when the sun shines as it does to-day, while the shadows of the clouds rest softly on land and sea. And thus we pass along the Solent and out of the narrow neck of water with Hurst Castle threatening us from the mainland with ancient majestic force, while we run close under the guns of the modern forts on the island. And then the pinnacled rocks of the Needles with their tall lighthouse are passed, and we steam across Christchurch Bay with its perplexing tides, where there is high water four times a day. And then Bournemouth appears in the distance with its dark pine woods; and Swanage Bay opens out, while the round-backed, limestone hills rise solidly in the background; and then we stretch out to sea to negotiate the Bill of Portland, the sun flashing messages to us from the upper windows of Weymouth, whence I started to look for Hilda. How long ago is it? It seems a lifetime since. And we take the flashes from Weymouth as congratulating signals testifying satisfaction that what was begun there is in the way of being brought to a happy conclusion. And then the broad back of Portland Island shuts out everything else from view; that island with its grand and portentous outline, with its associations of misery and despair entombed in its rock-cut terraces. We run close to the rock, and Hilda shudders as she sees a long line of convicts slouching along under the rifles of their warders. A terrible island that of imprisoned sighs and groans, and yet with a stern grandeur of its own, its cliffs crowned with frowning forts and towers.

Now we stand out across Lyme Bay, with its rigid wall of cliffs affording here and there a gap, hollowed out by some plodding little river, where a little town has crept in with a clump of red roofs and a cluster of masts and sails; and then we make Berry Head by Brixham with a fleet of fishing-boats disporting in the sunshine, and look back across Torbay, with its ultra-Protestant memories, to where Torquay rises, glittering from the blue waters, embosomed in wooded hills, with foliage feathering down to the very edge of the sea.

A long summer's day was coming to an end, a perfect and halcyon day of rest and languid enjoyment, and still the coast-line stretched on before us, an unbroken line of cliff and beetling precipice, with Start Point as the farthest headland, showing stern and grim against the orange glow of the setting sun. We were slipping westward, indeed, at a pretty good pace, with no sign of a friendly harbor anywhere near. The man at the wheel had hardly moved a little finger for the last half-hour, and the engines drummed along monotonously, as if they had got well into the way of working, and wanted nobody to drive them now, and, indeed, the engineers had come on deck for a breath of fresh air, and were taking this prolonged breath, tempered with tobacco smoke, in company with the cook and a couple of sailors, in a light-hearted manner. Captain Mac was in his cabin, supposed to be looking over the charts, but in reality, I fancy, indulging in a kind of cat's sleep, when suddenly, as if she had sprung out of the rocks, a huge ocean steamer appeared round a jutting point. A piercing scream from her steam-whistle showed that she had caught sight of us at the same moment. Captain Mac sprang from his cabin, the engineers scuttled down-stairs, while the steersman began to haul at his wheel, the natural impulse of man under such circumstances being to port his helm. But, "Stand your course, John," cried our captain like one demented, and then, "Starboard a little," as we felt the throb of the huge steamer, that seemed to throw a darkness upon us as she came between us and the setting sun. The orders given carried us right athwart the track of the big steamer, and far from slackening speed our captain, as he grasped the handle of the indicator, seemed to want to have it "Aheader fuller speed," if such a signal were possible. One could see a bustle on board the big steamer, and a crowding of heads over

her bulwarks, and then our little steamer begins to dance in the swell of her as she passes harmlessly astern.

Sundry gold-banded heads, from the bridge of the big steamer, now peered over at us, and expressed uncomplimentary opinions of our gallant captain, who contented himself with burying his head between his shoulders and wriggling half apologetically and half defiantly. And then from the poop-deck we were held in view, and addressed in more or less emphatic chaff, by a crowd of bronzed and bearded faces, with a sprinkling of fallow unbearded ones among them, with here and there a dark ebony face, lighted up with gleaming ivory, or the stolid mahogany visage of some Arab traveller; bright-plumaged birds chattered and screamed at us, and a monkey, loose among the rigging, joined in the general confusion of tongues.

"Now," said Captain Mac, approaching us in a deprecating manner, "if ye'd been all cast away ye'd have blamed me."

The probability was, that we should not have been in a position to blame anybody; but the old squire, who had just come on deck, shook his head, and remarked,—

"You should have put your helm down, captain—hard down."

"And if I had," rejoined the captain, "where would you have been?—ashore now on a bank of rock. Now, the sailing-rules, and common sense, moreover, bid me keep out of the way of the other packet, which was on my starboard bow, mark you."

The result justified Captain Mac. It was certainly much pleasanter to be sailing merrily along towards our port than to be stuck on a rocky shelf waiting to be salvaged by a congress of rapacious tugs. The wonder still remains at meeting such a huge craft in these quiet seas, and so close inshore; but our captain allays the wonder by explaining that no doubt this packet was one of the east-African steamers straight from Mozambique and Madagascar, at least as straight as the Cape of Good Hope will allow, with her port of call at Dartmouth, thus bringing the quiet coast of Devon into direct relations with Africa's coral strand.

And now we head up for the northward, straight for the rocks as it seems, but presently the rocks open out as they might do in some Arabian Nights' enchantment, and we pass suddenly from the open sea into the quiet and seclusion of a romantic river gorge. Twilight has

suddenly come upon us, and rows of lights are shining from the hill above, where houses rise terrace above terrace, looking over each other's roofs, and the bold headland with its castle and quaint St. Petrox rising above are thrown in clear obscurity against the evening glow. Yachts are floating gently to their moorings, folding their pinions as they come to rest; the sound of oars echoes from the rocks, and the ferry steamer is taking her last trip across the harbor. All this is in wonderful contrast to garish Trouville. The quiet old-world town, not much altered in general aspect since the Crusaders sailed thence for the Holy Wars; the stiff and solemn deportment of the natives, seamen, fishermen, and coast-guardsmen, their slow, soft way of talking, and energetic way of working; all are widely different to affairs on the other side of the Channel.

But we have no time to lose if we mean to reach Combe Chudleigh to-night. The tide is making up the river, and a gentle sea breeze is rippling the tranquil cove, and a boat is lowered from the yacht, and with a sprit-sail, and the occasional help of a couple of seamen at the oars, we sail forth towards Totnes. Hilda sits at the tiller, she knows every wind and turn of the beautiful stream, which in the soft gloaming recalls some tropical river with its vegetation so luxuriant that it seems here and there as if we must force a passage through the foliage, until another reach opens out like a lake, all embowered in trees.

But it is quite dark when we reach the little cove which opens out towards Combe Chudleigh, and the boat is made safe in the half-ruinous boathouse, and the sailors are sent off to make themselves comfortable for the night in the village ale-house. The village is still wide awake, and we can hear the harvest-men singing over their cups after a long day's toil. And presently as we walk slowly up towards the house we hear the bells of the village church tolling one after the other, and then breaking out suddenly into a merry peal. Hilda clutched my arm nervously.

"Why should they be ringing the bells to-night?" she asked. "It can't be for our coming back. Is it possible Mr. Chancellor has come down to look at his new purchase?"

Sure enough when we reached the hall door we found a fly standing there that had just come over from the station. But Mrs. Murch was in the doorway ready to receive us. She had been told to expect

us any day, and everything was in readiness—the small suite of rooms in the west wing were all prepared for our habitation. But who was the other arrival? Not Mr. Chancellor indeed, but a gentleman connected with him, a certain Mr. Wyvern, with a solicitor and a surveyor from London. They had been looking over the timber and everything in the house, and now they were hard at work writing and calculating in the library.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't come," sobbed Hilda, "to hear of strangers appraising the old timber, and putting a price on the family pictures! I knew it would come to this, but the reality is too appalling, and our people ring the bells for it!"

"Well, that shall be put a stop to anyhow," said Mrs. Murch grimly, and a small boy was despatched to the village to give notice to the ringers. But presently the youth came back grinning from ear to ear.

"It warn't for he," with a pantomimic indication by a thumb over his shoulder of some contemptible person—presumably Mr. Chancellor; "it warn't for he, but for young miss, and Master Frank, her sweetheart, that the bells were set a-ringing, and they warn't going to stop—no, not if anybody was to offer 'em a sovereign first."

Here was joy for Hilda; her people had not forgotten her, they had not gone over to the enemy! After all this it would be more of a trial than ever to leave the place. The old squire, strange to say, did not seem to care a bit about the home of his ancestors. He grumbled that there was no evening paper—he grumbled at poor Mrs. Murch's honest but misguided attempt to send up an appetizing repast. Everything was much more comfortable in Westbourne Terrace, and even on board the "Sea-Mew" things were better arranged. And certainly the old hall struck one as uncommonly dreary. A thin, fine rain had come on, a soft, misty cloak enveloping everything. Hilda went to bed with a headache, and the old squire retired to the society of a tub of hot water and a basin of gruel.

In a general way, when some unavoidable evening engagement takes you out, an overpowering desire for rest takes possession of the soul. In the same way, when there is nothing else in the world to do, the idea of going to bed and trying to sleep becomes absolutely repulsive. And then I came to know that other people in the house were passing their time in a more amusing way. The professional

people from London had been invited to stay the night and make themselves comfortable in the old hall, and they seemed to be quite equal to the occasion. A pleasant smell of tobacco took away the rawness of the air, and now and then a gentle waft of laughter gave evidence that some quiet joke had been perpetrated or good story told. At last, unable to endure the solitude of the place any longer, I got Mrs. Murch to take in to these merry people an offer on my part to join their society, and I soon made a fourth among them. At first, of course, my presence acted as a wet blanket; the flow of talk and anecdotes was checked. But then I was a fourth, and the fact suggested whist, and whist we played into the small hours. The London solicitor and myself were partners, and we punished Wyvern and the surveyor so handsomely that my partner seemed charmed with my prowess. As dawn had now broken we took a turn round the grounds to admire the different points of view, and watch the vapors curling over the river, and floating away to the distant sea.

My new friend was well up in all the news of the day, and not at all reticent. He knew all about the breaking off of John Chancellor's engagement, and was able to tell me that so little had Hilda's former lover taken his loss to heart, that he was already engaged to marry the Hon. Miss Wyvern, an alliance which would bring him most distinguished connections. The Wyverns were certainly poor and somewhat rapacious; but still their political influence would be of immense advantage to a man in John Chancellor's position. And to bind the families more firmly together, it was proposed that young Wyvern should marry Chancellor's sister.

I wondered what Tom would think of this, for he certainly was wonderfully taken with Miss Chancellor. And then I objected that as the Wyverns were poor, surely it would hardly be a good match for the youth, seeing that Miss Chancellor could not have much.

"Oh, I beg your pardon there," said my friend the lawyer. "She has twenty thousand pounds. John Chancellor was not the sole architect of his fortunes. There was a cousin who made a great fortune, and took up John Chancellor, and this cousin left his sister, Fanny by name, the score of thousands."

Another item of information I drew from my new friend. John Chancellor's capital was mostly locked up in commer-

cial enterprises, and he had not sufficient money lying idle to pay for the Chudleigh estate. So that he proposed to borrow his sister's twenty thousand from her trustees, and the lawyer and surveyor had come down to value the security. They were tolerably well satisfied, it seemed; but as the young lady had just come of age, it would be necessary to consult her on the matter. The purchase was to be completed in the following week, and in the mean time the lawyer would have to run over to Trouville to obtain Miss Chancellor's signature and assent.

And if, for any reason, the twenty thousand pounds were not forthcoming? Well, in that case Mr. Chancellor would have a great difficulty in completing the purchase—in fact, perhaps he would have to declare off altogether. And that would be a pity, for, as it was, the purchase money would pay all mortgages, and leave a few thousands over for the old squire; whereas with a forced sale, land being just now heavy in the market, perhaps he would get nothing at all.

Upon this I offered to take the lawyer with the rest of us in the "Sea-Mew" and land him at his destination at Trouville, and Banks, as our friend was called, accepted the offer with much pleasure. I doubt if he would have shown such alacrity if he had divined the notion which was running in my head, and which was to keep him afloat till the day for ratifying the sale of Combe Chudleigh had passed, and so to give myself a chance of getting hold of the property.

As it happened this buccaneering plan was never carried out, for next morning came a telegram from Tom demanding our congratulations. Fanny had promised to be his; and so on. We determined, Hilda and I, to carry our congratulations in person, and so that afternoon we dropped down the river with the tide, and found ourselves once more on board the "Sea-Mew," our party increased by the presence of the lawyer, to the great disgust, I fancy, of Captain Mac, who had been looking forward to a week of solitary musing in harbor. This time we made a direct course from point to point, and saw no land after leaving behind the red cliffs of old Devon, till we made Cape la Hève and the chalky downs about the mouth of the Seine. Trouville was still more bright and gay, and a good deal more crowded than when we left. Tom and his sweetheart were on the pier to watch us in. Tom had been busy enough since we left. In addition

to winning his bride, he had won a trotting-match against an American with Contango at the Deauville races. The count had gone away to Vichy to drink the waters and to recover from the effects of his immersion. But Mr. Banks had his journey for nothing, except the pleasure of the cruise. For Miss Chancellor, when she heard how matters stood, firmly refused to have anything to do with the Combe Chudleigh property. And so Mr. Banks took back with him an offer to let the whole business of the purchase be cancelled, returning the money already paid, which otherwise might be forfeited.

While we are waiting for Mr. Chancellor's reply, to keep the "Sea-Mew" employed—a ravenous kind of bird that in the way of coals, and stores, and harbor-charges devours as much as any of the celebrated sea-monsters of ancient days—to keep her employed and Captain Mac from too much metaphysics, we determine upon a run up the Seine, starting with the first of the flood-tide. To catch the tide we must lay up for the night in Havre, where we get a berth alongside the Southampton steamer (into which we ship poor Contango, who is to travel from Southampton to Devonshire by easy stages), and then in the early morning the "Sea-Mew" slips out just in the wake of the little steamer "Chamois," which makes the voyage to Rouen every other day.

The tide is hardly stirring as we leave the harbor, but before we are in mid-stream it is rushing in with tremendous power, racing over the flat sand-banks, and bending the tall poles that mark out the channel. The "Chamois" has to call for passengers at Honfleur, on the other side of the estuary, and so we get the start of her, and race along at the very head of the flood. We have got a pilot on board, a jolly old fellow, who is always cracking jokes with Tom—dimly understood on either side, but none the less relished. And, indeed, the navigation at the mouth of the Seine, what with shifting sand-banks and the tide, that runs like a mill-race, requires the skill of a pilot who can study the tides and the channels from day to day. A noble river, too, is the Seine from the very mouth—with no low country of flats and marshes to pass through, and amphibious regions, half sea and half river, but running in a noble, well-defined valley up to, or rather down to, the junction with the sea.

Hardly is the channel fairly entered

when the English-looking spire of Harfleur appears under the distant hills—the Harfleur of Henry the Fifth, the once girded Harfleur, the royal port and great mart of the Seine, but now left high and dry in a little nook by the lazy river Lézarde. And then come the towers of Tancarville rising proudly on their bold headland, while the hills and cliffs on either side approach as if this were once the outlet of a mighty lake that filled up the whole valley above. Then we hurry past Quillebeuf, a neat and taking little town, drawn up on its strongly-built quay, and from Quillebeuf, the river narrowing rapidly, the tide rises suddenly in a huge wave, a bore that stretches from bank to bank, dashing in surf along the banks on either side, while foaming breakers hurry along in its wake. Just in the rear of these troubled waters the "Sea-Mew" drives along with all the speed that Captain Mac and his engineers can get out of her. There is a pleasant breeze too from the west, and the "Sea-Mew" stretches out her canvas, and with sail and steam bids fair to outrace the tide, and the little flotilla that is urging on behind.

Everywhere along the banks of the river we hear the cry, "*Le flot, le flot*," in a soft, melancholy cadence, carried from mouth to mouth, a warning cry that has echoed along these banks no doubt for countless generations, and was heard by the men in Cæsar's galleys, and by the fierce Northmen as they followed the tide with sail and oar on their mission of plunder and destruction. Then as the river takes a sudden bend to the north we see a vast forest stretching to the right, while on the other bank great white cliffs rise behind a margin of verdant prairie. Yonder is Villequier, a pleasant village with a venerable church, and a little quay, with an inn looking over it, where the pilots sit, we are told, playing picquet all day long, and waiting for a turn; and here we drop our jolly old pilot, and take in another with his belongings all packed up in a round bag, whose business it is to take the ship to Rouen.

Candebec now appears on our left, brightest of little towns, with its broad quay, and avenues of trees, and comfortable, old-fashioned houses, aligned in the rear with gardens and green shrubberies, and here there is a signal-mast that shows the depth of water on the bar farther on, the signal man stringing up one ball after another as the tidal wave changes the state of affairs all of a sudden from dead

low water to nearly full tide. And here we come upon a railway train that races with us and with the tide for a while, but leaves us as we take another great bend to the south, and so come upon the forest again, which occupies the whole peninsula; and then we see the strange twin towers of Jumièges, with a film only of the central tower remaining — Jumièges that was once the nursery of English prelates, with its traditions that stretch back to the very infancy of the Christian faith.

And then there is another great bend of the river, with stupendous chalk cliffs, first on one side and then on the other, rising sheer from the margin of the stream on one hand, and on the other a stretch of green prairie, with tall poplars rising in long lines. And above the level of the water meadows, the valley is one vast orchard, a perfect garden of the Hesperides, all now bright with golden fruit. At Duclair, which lies at the top of the bend — another pleasant-looking little town, with its quay, and its little steam ferry-boat shooting to and fro, its white houses with their green persiennes, and a snug-looking hotel overlooking the quay — at Duclair there are English steamers loading up with fruit, conical baskets of plums and the first of the apples. The huge cliffs that rise above the town are quarried and excavated into great caverns, and farther on the chalk assumes all kinds of fantastic shapes of feudal castles and grey, time-worn towers.

From this point the hills are all covered with forest, where the deer and the wild boar can roam up to the very gates of Rouen, and where William the Conqueror would find himself still very much at home, the ancient art of *vénérerie* having changed but little since his days.

At the bottom of the bend we come to La Bouille, a nice little place lying in the very elbow of the river, with an hotel which has a great verandah overlooking the river, where it is pleasant to sit and watch the ships coming up with the tide. By crossing a narrow isthmus here, you cut off a bend of the river of some twenty-four miles, and here when Henry the Fifth was besieging Rouen he dragged his ships across, so as to shut in the ships of Rouen on both sides. Close by is a grand and ancient earthwork known as the Château of Robert le Diable, where there was a fierce encounter during the Prussian war. And at La Bouille our captain proposes to anchor the ship, to avoid the delays of a crowded port, and also no doubt to give him an interval

of quiet reflection, as from this point numerous steamers ply to Rouen, which is just at the top of the bend.

And so we finish our course on one of the river steamers, a pleasant sail under wood-crowned heights, with green islands dotting the river, and so take a rapid glance at Rouen, familiar to most of us, and then drive across the neck of the isthmus to Duclair, for the sake of the magnificent view of the city of Rouen, and its network of valleys, from the heights. At Duclair the "Sea-Mew" picks us up again, and we descend the river in a more leisurely way, anchoring again at Candebeac to explore the picturesque old town and admire the charming panoramic views from its wooded heights, and then towards morning, when the points of flame on headlands and capes are just beginning to die away in the soft light of dawn, we double Cap de la Hève, and boldly steer out again to sea, this time with our prow directed straight for the South Foreland.

At first we skirt the long wall of chalk cliff — the ruddy tinge of Cap de la Hève giving place to the pure white of the cliffs above Etretât, where we can make out with our glasses the bathing-cabins on the beach, and monsieur, madame and *bébé* taking their early morning swim. And then Fécamp opens out its narrow cleft in the great chalk escarpment, and we work into mid-channel and lose sight of land altogether.

As evening draws on the coast-line of England becomes visible, and presently the bright electric lights of the South Foreland flash out upon us. At the sight, the world on board, hitherto inclined to silence, and dozing in solitary corners, revives and becomes sociable and cheerful.

"It is a very comforting reflection," Mrs. Bacon remarks, "that everything should have gone off so well." Her nephew John and her niece Fanny so likely to be so well allied, and that poor count not likely to suffer from the effects of his ducking, and even the young lady in spangles able to ride a bare-backed horse already, and jump through a couple of hoops — this according to Mr. Courtney's account, who kept up a correspondence with Zamora's employer — all these things the good lady found it pleasant to think of.

Finally, Mrs. Bacon asked of Hilda confidentially, but doubtfully, —

"Are you satisfied, my dear?"

"Perfectly," replied Hilda with a proud

smile. "I have got my Frank, and I don't want anything more."

And so as night comes on we gather on the poop, while lights flash upon us out of the gloom from the fleet of fishing-boats that are silently gathering the harvest of the deep. Dover Castle is faintly visible against the evening glow, and by-and-by Ramsgate shines out gaily with its rows of diamond lights. Before midnight there is a dark shore line on either hand, and shore lights on each side twinkle forth cheerily, and presently we glide softly to our moorings off Gravesend.

Next morning Hilda and I pay a visit to our friendly solicitor in Bedford Row, who receives us most cordially. Everything is going on well. John Chancellor, finding a difficulty in getting together the purchase money for Combe Chudleigh, and having other objects in view, is quite ready to give up his bargain, and by paying off and consolidating the mortgages, we can secure a sufficient income for the old squire — quite enough anyhow for the modest establishment in Westbourne Terrace, which is the limit of the old man's desires. And Hilda and I are to occupy Combe Chudleigh as soon as the wedding comes off, while Redmond is to try his fortunes and develop his talent for cattle-dealing at the Antipodes.

We are going to sell the "Sea-Mew" as too expensive, and purchase a nice little sailing-craft, in which we hope to make many another cruise along the Silver Streak.

From Temple Bar.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S CHARACTER.

LORD BEACONSFIELD had so many enemies, that when he died there was no abuse of him which had not become trite. But the persistent malevolence with which the Conservative leader was pursued all his life sprang from a feeling which was itself conservative. Benjamin Disraeli was so different in character from most Englishmen, that if he had tried to make his way as a Liberal, the Tories would have resented him as an impossible innovation. Disraeli attacking the old English Constitution, the "Jew boy" assailing Church Establishment, would have been an intolerable sight. Disraeli early understood this. His personal appearance, not less than his character and flowery genius, marked him out as a foreigner; and the most acceptable com-

pliment which foreigners can pay to the people among whom they sojourn is that of professing to admire their institutions. There is no example of a foreigner having made himself popular amongst us by any other means. Princess Dorothea Lieven and Count D'Orsay, Baron Bunsen, Baron Stockmar, and Count Sylvain van de Weyer, who all at different times and in various ways exercised great influence on the course of public affairs in England, were unanimous in recognizing the extreme sensitiveness of Englishmen as to criticism from foreigners. "If I were not a Frenchman," said the Chevalier de Boufflers to Lord Stair, "I should like to be an Englishman." "If I were not an Englishman, I should wish to be one," was the unconciliatory answer. Our people push their self-complacency to the length of never admitting in the presence of an alien that things can be done better abroad than here. The Frenchman in his politeness will poke fun at his native failings for the amusement of an English hearer; he will deplore his want of *sérieux*, his political instability, and while he gratefully accepts any compliment to the genius of his nation, he will pay it back instantly in chinking small change. Our tendency as a people to grumble only among ourselves has its counterpart in a class pride which keeps all political, professional, or social orders in this country armed against the attacks of outsiders. Archbishop Whately said that if you wanted to get rank heresy, you should overhear two curates talking in private; it may be that an eavesdropper listening to a pair of experienced dukes exchanging confidential opinions, might in the same way surprise some notable sayings on the imperfections of the aristocracy; but it does not follow that their Graces would like to have their views put into strong language for them by a sharp young man who was not of their set. The late Lord Derby was therefore quite right when he remarked "that Disraeli would have stood no chance as a Liberal." Lord Palmerston put the case even more strongly, by saying that the Liberal party would have had no chance of popularity if Disraeli had been among them. The premier, who had "a drawer full of Mr. Gladstone's resignations," found one restless genius enough to manage. "What on earth should we have done with him?" he once asked when somebody suggested that the member for Bucks would have been a great gain to the Whigs.

But because ambition made Disraeli a

Conservative, that was no reason why he should not attach himself very heartily to the interests of the party which he joined. Mr. Bright relates that walking away from the House of Commons one night after hearing a speech of Disraeli's, he and his friend together deplored that so much ability should be continually put at the service of bad causes. This was just like Mr. Bright, who has always been happy in the thought that the balances of right and wrong were committed to his keeping; but imputations on Disraeli's sincerity were too often the only rejoinders which opponents could make to his arguments. He was more sincere than Whigs cudgelling their brains for party cries that might keep them in office, or than Radicals who knowingly exaggerate the abuses of every institution which they want to demolish. It is not even fair to say that ambition alone prompted his somewhat sudden conversion to Toryism soon after he had issued a reform address to the Marylebone electors. Gratitude had something to do with the matter, for he was more kindly treated by the Tories than by the Whigs. Among the latter every young man of talent aspiring to something higher than an under-secretaryship of state was regarded as a dangerous competitor to the crowd of younger sons who think themselves born leaders of the people and heirs to all the emoluments of leadership. The wonderstruck, half-amused manner in which Lord Melbourne drew himself up when young Disraeli announced to him at Mrs. Norton's dinner-party that he meant to be prime minister, must have given the author of "Vivian Grey" an exact measure of the encouragement he was likely to get from the Whig party. Conservatism naturally attracts fewer adventurers than Liberalism, for it is easier to be eloquent in attacking old institutions than in defending them. When Disraeli found himself welcomed as a valuable recruit by Lord Lyndhurst and the first Duke of Buckingham, it was only consistent with human nature that he should feel flattered; and when he discovered what kind of men Tory noblemen were, how they were in fact much less imbued with caste pride and generally more indifferent to office-holding than the Whigs, it was equally in keeping with the instincts of a generous mind that he should discard the prejudices which had been conceived through ignorance. Disraeli was essentially warm-hearted and generous; and when he took his first plunge into public

life he went with the stream which was then carrying most young men, not trained at public schools and the universities, towards humanitarian theories of all kinds; but from the first he showed a disposition which would have made him unfit to work with Parliamentary Liberals. In his earliest speeches and writings his satire always flies straightest when levelled at the petty devices of place-hunting, at political hypocrisy, social shams and dull arrogance. There was no pettiness in him; he had a poet's mind which took grand, sweeping views of things and conjured up gorgeous visions of human progress and national triumphs. He might have become the most dangerous of Radical agitators; but he settled into his proper place as a defender of the institutions which had made England great, and as a friend of the most highly cultured, most spirited, and most tolerant aristocracy the world has ever seen. If he had been educated at the College of Winchester, instead of in a private school of that town, and if he had afterwards gone to Christ Church, or to Trinity, Cambridge, he would have been drawn towards Conservatism in his boyhood; but it so happened that at his Winchester school, and at another in Walthamstow where he spent a couple of years, he had much to put up with on account of his Jew looks; and he seems to have imbibed a passionate hostility towards Toryism because it was expounded in these places by a Low Church parson's "bullying brat," and by "the haughty, snuffing son of a city knight." He did not often allude to his schooldays, but from casual remarks it appears that he must have been an opposition leader in them both. "My first tyrant," he used to say, "was a boy we called Freckles (the parson's brat). He lorded it over two cringing ushers; he called me a son of Belial for reading 'Roderick Random' on a Sunday, and we were always fighting." Of the city knight's son at Walthamstow, he said: "He was a fat boy who became my enemy because I nicknamed him 'Sir Loin'; I might more appropriately have given him some name connected with sheep, for he was sheepish at work, but would run at me like a battering ram in the playground, and he had a shoulder-of-mutton fist."

Having become a Conservative — having, that is to say, recognized that the opinions of the Conservative party were most congenial with his own — Disraeli had to commence the difficult task of win-

ning the full confidence of his patrons. No man ever took shrewder views than he as to the policy which was best suited to keep the empire strong, and the people happy. Yet he had to fight daily battles against the prejudices of men who not only wanted to preserve old things, but to preserve them by old methods and arguments. Most of these encounters were waged in society drawing-rooms. In Parliament or on hustings his ornate rhetoric, biting sarcasm, and flashes of humor swayed audiences powerfully, but when he had to discuss politics with Tory squires over a dinner table or to formulate them in epigrams for the instruction of ladies, his exuberant manner proved a serious drawback. Those who only knew Lord Beaconsfield in his later years when he had grown cool and cautious, can hardly have an idea of his fiery talkativeness in younger days. One of his earliest friends, Lord Chandos (the late Duke of Buckingham), was a man to whom such enthusiasm was incomprehensible. He bore no resemblance except that of features to his business-like son, the present duke. He spoke sententiously, with a high-pitched drawl, and made free use of the term blackguard (which he pronounced blackguyard) to designate all kinds of persons, save peers, who said or did unconventional things. Paying a visit to a lady on a week-day, and hearing that she had been to church, he said seriously: "I think it a 'blackguyard' thing to go to church on week-days." He and his father were noblemen of the Georgian school who called the king "My Suvv'in," addressed their parish clergyman as "Parson," and had no particular theories about the Church, except that it was a proper place to go to on Sundays even if they slept there during the sermon, as they mostly did. They hated Dissenters without entering into their dogmas, and Reformers much in the same way. Their method of facing popular measures was to resist without compromise, and to declare that the kingdom was going to the dogs; but when they had said this in the most highly flavored language at their command, they would shake hands like prize-fighters with political opponents of their own order, and think none the worse of these latter for having been engaged in "treasonable" schemes — for they used the word treasonable as freely as the epithet blackguard. Lord Chandos often took it upon himself to rebuke young Disraeli for being too warm.

It took Disraeli a long time to under-

stand all this — to perceive that men could be opponents without becoming enemies, and that the measure of a man's guilt as a political miscreant was to be determined solely by his social status. Many of the old Tory lords seemed to look upon politics as a game of cricket, which they were playing against Whig lords, having some professionals in their eleven; but while they systematically despised these professionals, they took no lasting offence at any underhand play of the "gentlemen." They often frowned when they heard young Disraeli speak at their tables as if he had an equal right with themselves to use hard words against party leaders. Lady Lyndhurst repeatedly warned him of this. One day, when he had been railing with overflowing irony at Lords Melbourne, Durham, Morpeth, John Russell, and Palmerston, she put her handkerchief to her mouth to smother her laughter, and presently said, "You talk as if you would hang these men, but half the Tory families would go into mourning if you could work your will on them, remember that." Lady Jersey, on another occasion, damped Disraeli's ardor by exclaiming, "Dear me, don't throw me into a fever, I am going out of town next week, and I should like to leave London without the thought that my house is going to be burned during the recess." These snubs, and others even harder to bear, accounted for Disraeli's fits of taciturnity. He was sometimes very morose in society, and if annoyed at such times, would turn round and say things which cut his aggressor, whoever he might be, to the bone. Detractors who have written that he cringed to the nobility — every falsehood was good enough to beat him with — little know how savage he could be when offended. Suppleness and servility alone would never have made him a leader of the Tories; he elbowed his way to the first rank by compelling men to respect him. During the debate on the Irish Tithes question in 1839, Lord Ellenborough, meeting him at a party, ventured to say in the hearing of several other persons: "We want no rigmarole talked over this question, it's one of facts and figures." "Have you been given the situation of prompter to our party?" asked Disraeli, with a flash in his eye. Lord Haddington, at about the same time, got a repartee which made him wince. He remarked loftily, being a pompous man, that there was too much barking on the back opposition benches: "I have no opinion of a hound who doesn't obey the 'whip,'" he added. "Your Lordship was

doubtless well whipped as a puppy," retorted Disraeli, in a demure tone, amid general laughter. In connection with this rejoinder, one may note Disraeli's definition of dogmatism, as "puppyism grown old." It was made in after years, and, we believe, touched a noble Whig lord still living.

At the outset of his career Disraeli was seriously embarrassed for want of money. Like his Pinto in "Lothair" he was believed to be easy in his circumstances, though nobody knew where these circumstances were. He dressed extravagantly, wore jewelled rings with a profusion of chains, and he never talked as if anything were too dear for him; but he was really very poor for the style of life which he led, and it was only by a marvel of ingenuity that he kept out of debt. D'Orsay, who was never free from duns, and who was not above accepting a gratuity from a tailor to launch a new coat, once arched his eyebrows incredulously when Disraeli told him that he did not owe a penny in London. Disraeli repeating the assertion, the Frenchman advised him with a friendly seriousness not to let it get circulated. "People would say that you were a Russian spy — every politician should own to £5,000 a year in debts or income." It may have been owing to this hint, which had some worldly wisdom in it, that Disraeli took no pains to contradict rumors which described him as deeply involved in liabilities of all sorts. "A man in debt is a man who is trusted," he once said, to the great delight of Lord George Bentinck; and again he was the author of the paradox: "Out of debt, out of credit." But as a matter of fact, he valued his independence too much to put himself at the mercy of creditors; he got his money's worth in the way of show out of every guinea he spent; but he was a rigid economist in private — careful about his clothes, methodical in his accounts, and always frugal. "How do you manage to keep so healthy?" he was asked by a dyspeptic fop. "By dining off a sardine," was the answer, and there was some truth in this. To the end of his life Disraeli always ate very sparingly when alone, and this enabled him to keep a good appetite for public occasions, thereby rebutting the presumption, which his pale face suggested, that he was consumptive. In this connection some remarks of his about wine may be mentioned. Hard drinking was in fashion during his youth, and at public dinners men who let the bottle pass were hardly regarded as gentlemen.

Disraeli, who could never stand much wine, suffered a good deal from this social usage, and he set himself to study the demeanor of men who could drink deep without being any the worse for it. Lord Melbourne was one of these, and he gave Disraeli a wrinkle by saying: "You can drink if you don't talk; if you talk much you needn't drink, for people will think you're drunk, and let you alone." It is obvious that the excitement of conversation must co-operate powerfully with the fumes of wine in making the brain reel. Disraeli having noted this fact, went further into the subject by observing that a man's convivial propensities are always taken for granted if he talks in praise of wine and appears to be very critical about it. Some of his remarks savoring of the most refined epicureanism may therefore be ascribed solely to his temperate desire to find excuses for not drinking. He was not a judge of wines, though he pretended to be, and once allowed himself to lay down the law about Burgundy against the late Lord Sefton. A droll trait in him was that he spoke enthusiastically about certain choice wines, but he never decried any sort of liquor, even gin. A reason he once gave for "saying something kind" about brandy in the presence of a person addicted to spirits would have had a Mephistophelean ring if the subject of the observation had not been, humanly speaking, irreclaimable: "I could not speak ill of his only friend." "I should call brandy his enemy," interposed a lady. "Ah, well, a man hates his enemy the worse for hearing him well spoken of," was the mild retort.*

It has been said that Disraeli's means were slender: his marriage in 1839, two years after he had entered Parliament, lifted him for good out of penury. The devoted lady who became his wife not only brought him a fortune, but the most valuable companionship. She made her-

* In one of Mr. Disraeli's few conversations with the prince consort, the talk rolled upon the simple and gentle politeness of Highlanders, a subject upon which H. R. H. was never tired of descending. Mr. Disraeli gave an illustration of this politeness from his own experience. He was staying in a Highland house when a gillie came in to see the laird, and was offered a glass of whiskey. Having tossed off the spirit, he was asked how he liked it: "Verra weel, laird," he answered, "sicher we puir folk cannae drink such whooske as that." Before he went the laird offered him another glass, which the gillie drank with the same encomium as before, smacking his lips. But when he was gone it was discovered that the case-bottle contained water. "Nothing could have been finer than the man's tact," concluded Mr. Disraeli; but he added, "Imagination is a powerful stimulant too in its way: perhaps, after all, the man set up as a connoisseur of the finer kinds of whiskey from that day."

self the minister of his ambition with an extraordinary singleness of purpose — relieving him of all domestic cares, attending to his smallest comforts, warning him against enemies, and striving to recruit friends for him. Those who knew her, remember how every morning, when she had settled her household affairs with a quiet, domineering activity, she would sit down to glance through heaps of newspapers, reviews, and even blue-books, to spare her husband this fatigue. At his ten o'clock breakfast he heard from her all the news of the day, got the pith of the leaders from the *Times*, was told of everything printed in his favor, and often received a useful budget of facts, statistics, and anecdotes bearing upon speeches which he was going to deliver. From the time of his marriage a great change came over Disraeli. The fervid self-assertedness of his bachelor days was put off; the florid imperfections of his dress were corrected; he became less anxious to shine than to please, less careful to convince than to amuse. His sure helpmate scored for him, so to say; marking down all the points he made, watching the effects of his conversational shots, and reporting everything faithfully to him, so that he could never feel depressed under a sense of diminishing prowess. Only a man's wife can do this for him. Mrs. Disraeli, however, never succeeded in her own ambition of creating a political *salon* like Lady Palmerston's or Lady Waldegrave's. There was nothing genial about her; she was too much absorbed in her husband to be a good hostess. If she gave a dinner, she was more concerned to watch whether her husband was enjoying himself than to see how his guests fared; her eyes if not her lips said: "Hush!" when he spoke; and if after dinner he showed the slightest signs of fatigue or headache she made little ceremony about hinting to her visitors that they might be gone. "What shall I do?" she asked almost piteously of the late Lady Derby; "here is an ambassador who has some atrocious scent on her handkerchief which *he* can't bear. If she sits beside him at table, his evening's pleasure will be spoilt." Mrs. Disraeli's affectionate zeal had perhaps, in some respects, a hampering effect upon her husband's progress in society; she might have served him better if she had worshipped him less. By proclaiming him the paragon of politics before the world was quite prepared to concur in her opinion, she threw upon him sometimes a slight sprinkling of ridicule. The Duch-

ess of Sutherland called him humorously, "*Un mari dans du coton!*"

Mrs. Disraeli was very angry when on the formation of the Tory ministry of 1841, her husband was not offered one of the minor appointments; and Disraeli himself was much mortified at this. His services ought not to have been passed over, and Peel's neglect of him was beyond doubt a deliberate slight. Disraeli, however, possessed his soul in patience. His friend, George Smythe, said that it was better for him that he should not let an official muzzle be put upon him too soon; and the event proved that Peel's attempt to ignore Disraeli contributed most to bring the latter into the foreground. Had Disraeli become a member of the Tory administration it is hardly to be doubted that he would have remained faithful to Peel when this statesman broke up his party on the Corn Laws. In common with all members of his race, he was deeply grateful for kindness; and he showed it in after years by selecting as his Cabinet colleagues two or three statesmen whose only substantial claim to high office lay in their having befriended him in his struggling days. But how would the future of parties have been affected if Peel had sought to make a friend of his brilliant follower? One cannot well imagine the Peelite party of 1846-50 with Disraeli in their midst, but it has been suggested that if Disraeli had not remained among the Tories, Mr. Gladstone might have taken the opportunity of stepping into the Tory leadership of the House of Commons after Lord George Bentinck's death; however that may be, it is certain that Disraeli followed his natural inclination in adhering to the Protectionists, while Peel's cavalier treatment of him had freed him from all personal obligation. He admired Peel without trusting him, and long before the great man performed his second political somersault, he had described Peel's mind as a gregarious one, which liked going with herds. It is almost forgotten now that he nearly had a serious quarrel with Mr. Herries (one of his future competitors for the Tory leadership) through having said something of this sort at a time when Peel seemed firmly wedded to the agricultural interest. "Treachery should not be predicted of any man," grumbled Herries. "Oh, it wouldn't be treachery," answered Disraeli. "Peel would be quite clever enough to prove that you and I were the traitors." He made a similar joke about Mr. Gladstone at the time of

the Irish Church Disestablishment: "We all feel painfully wicked hearing this good man recant the errors he has taught us."

It is unnecessary to revive the question as to whether Disraeli hit Peel too hard in attacking him about his conversion. The sight of the portly prime minister writhing on the treasury bench and wiping perspiration from his brow while the "malignant Jew" poured wrath and irony upon him in boiling torrents, has often stirred the sympathy of party writers who have seen only a subject for merriment in the spectacle of the same "Jew" quivering in his turn at various times under savage taunts and venomous insinuations. Disraeli had a long score to pay off against the haughtily stiff leader who had sneered at him for being a "gentleman of mercurial temperament," and he discharged it with full interest. But one effect of this was to put him in very bad favor at court. It is no secret that when the administration of 1852 was formed Lord Derby received intimation that it would be agreeable in high quarters if Mr. Disraeli were given an appointment that would not bring him into personal attendance on the sovereign. It was owing to this that he became chancellor of the exchequer instead of going to the Home Office, a post which he would have much preferred, and which he would have filled ably. By this time he held undisputed leadership of the Conservatives in the Lower House. After Lord George Bentinck's death only two men among the Protectionists — Mr. Herries and the Marquis of Granby — were even named as having any pretensions to lead; but Disraeli's superior claims were acknowledged of necessity. In eleven years of Parliamentary life he had made such a resounding name that when he succeeded to the position of Canning and the younger Pitt, it seemed as though the natural course of things would soon make him ruler of the country. And yet what a time was to elapse before he was to obtain this coveted distinction! His brief tenures of office in Lord Derby's two Cabinets and during his own first premiership were mere wormwood to him. His favorite wish after entering Parliament was for three years of "real power," but he was an old man before this came to him, after he had been opposition chief for twenty-five years, leading a party often querulous and sulky, sometimes half mutinous, and showing himself in these dispiriting times always serene, hopeful, watchful, and diligent.

Disraeli is often spoken of as a lucky man: he was in truth the most unlucky statesman who ever governed a great party, for he had no men of first-rate talent around him. He came to the front in an era of changes, and the spirit of the age threw most able young politicians into the Liberal ranks. Disraeli towered over all his companions by a head and shoulders, and Conservatism became in a manner identified with his name only, though he was long unable, owing to the difficulties which he had to vanquish among his own followers, to give any popular definition of Conservatism. His popularity with the nation grew slowly but steadily year by year, yet the restiveness of his own party was shown by the fact that his name was seldom mentioned in electoral addresses of Parliamentary candidates. Tory squires continued to have a patronizing way with him. They doubted whether he understood their interests as they did; there was often something in their manner which implied that they regarded him merely as a stop-gap leader. He would do until some other could be found, but some new man, an ideal young nobleman, would be sure to start up soon and then thorough Toryism (whatever that might mean) would have a proper exponent. There was no Tory so cantankerous but Disraeli could inspire him with enthusiasm and confidence after half an hour's conversation; but it was weary work to have to spend half-hours constantly in educating men who straightway forgot what they had been taught when they were out of reach of the teacher's voice. Mr. Gladstone could never have stood for a week the kind of work which Disraeli performed during a quarter of a century, and there is no other example in Parliamentary history of a man having to maintain his political ascendancy, so long as Disraeli did, by little bits of diplomacy in lobbies, clubs, and drawing-rooms. He was once told that Mr. Gladstone had flown into a passion with a deputation who had memorialized him on some question of taxes. "Ah!" he said, "it is a great luxury to fly into a passion with stupid people, but we can't all afford it." He added: "I only show anger to sharp fellows who sham being stupid."

Was Disraeli proud of the victories which his keen wit enabled him to win hourly in conflicts with people who were slow of understanding or stiff-necked? Unquestionably not, if pride involves any pleasure in the thing achieved. He dreamed of nobler things than putting

political dunces through their ABC, and there were times when, as Lord Wharncliffe said of him, he must have felt like a Porson conducting a dame's school. He knew that if some happy turn in the national mood gave him suddenly a Parliamentary majority, he would, speaking to his followers with the authority of success, be able to educate them *en masse* with few words instead of many — by acts instead of words. This term "education" has often been laughed at in its connection with Disraeli's work; and it has been gratuitously taken to mean a process by which Conservatives could be brought to outdo their opponents in democratizing the constitution. But Conservatism, as Disraeli understood it, had higher aims than this, and embodied in its original conception no such hasty concessions to an uneducated democracy as were made by the Reform Bill of 1867. Conservatism meant the keeping of the empire great in the things wherein it was already supreme, and bringing it to the first rank in contests where it stood inferior to other nations. This could not be done by small means; and the texts of Disraeli's social discourses, when he could talk among friends, were all against smallness — penny wisdom, bigotry, moral timidity, insular crabbedness of mind. He delighted in the merchant prince full of enterprise, in the manufacturer discarding old machinery to do better with new, and in the hardy emigrant who goes out to found a new settlement for himself when the struggle for existence becomes too hard at home. But he had no feeling for the spirit which keeps a man plodding on in routine under the idea that he is doing things "in the good old fashion." "The only good old fashion," he used to say, "is to do the best for oneself according to the best ways of the time." There was a stationer in Aylesbury whom he used to patronize, and who long hesitated to put a plate-glass front in his shop-window, "because," as he said, "the old place did very well for my father, and it will do for me." "At that rate," remarked Disraeli, "it ought to do for your son and grandson." It must be admitted that the stationer got an advantage of the statesman then, for he replied: "Well, sir, if my grandson keeps the place as it is, customers will probably be attracted to it as a curiosity."

One of Disraeli's favorite ideas was that London ought to be made the most magnificent city in the world — a real *Kaiserstadt* or imperial town, a model to

all other cities in the character of its public buildings, the sanitary perfection and outer picturesqueness of its private houses, the width of its streets, etc. When Napoleon III. commenced the re-edification of Paris he used to say: "Is it not pitiful that the emperor should be doing by force what we could do so much better of our own free will, if we had a proper pride, to say nothing of good sense in the matter?" He found many congenial listeners, and one in particular, Mr. Baillie Cochrane, now Lord Lamington (the Buckhurst of "Coningsby"), whose artistic tastes are well known. But he was generally met by some such theories as satisfied the Aylesbury tradesman, or by talk about that eternal want of pence which vexes public men. Once when he was staying at Knole, he launched out into a parody of Macaulay's idea of the New Zealander meditating over the ruins of London Bridge. He imagined this personage reconstructing in fancy a row of villas at Brixton: "What a picture he would make of it; he would naturally suppose that knowing how to build, and having just awoken to a knowledge of sanitation, we had built according to the best ideas in our heads." Then he took his New Zealander among the ruins of the stately commercial palaces crowded in narrow lanes all round the Bank, and the Exchange: "He would conclude that there must after all have been some tyrannical laws which prevented our merchants from combining their resources to make their streets spacious and effective, for it would seem absurd to him that intelligent men should, at a great cost, have built palaces for themselves in holes and corners where nobody could admire them properly, when by acting in concert, they might at much less expense have set much finer palaces in noble avenues, courts, and squares." Then Disraeli broke out into an animated description of his regenerate London with Wren's four grand approaches to St. Paul's, boulevards transecting the metropolis in all directions; and the palace of Whitehall rebuilt after Inigo Jones's designs to make new government offices. He would have covered the embankment pedestals with statues of admirals set in colossal groups recalling great naval achievements, and he thought Stepney* ought to have its cathedral of St. Peter — the church of a seafaring nation, dedicated to the fisher-

* Persons born at sea were formerly registered as belonging to the Parish of Stepney.

man saint — and containing memorials to all the humble heroes, sailors, or fishermen who lost their lives performing acts of courage on the water. "The names of such men ought not to perish," he used to say. When he had finished speaking somebody observed that his plan would cost £200,000,000, and convert every ratepayer into a porcupine. "We may have to pay £500,000,000 in the end for doing things in the present way," he answered; "and as to the porcupine, he is manageable enough if you handle him in the right way."

The worst of it was that Disraeli had not always the courage of his opinions, though he knew what fascination boldness exercises over the million. He spoke in one way to his friends and in another to crowds where his enemies predominated; for instance, he was of opinion that it was a disgrace to the country there should be no national theatre subsidized by the State, and yet if a proposal for endowing a playhouse had been made by a Liberal government one can fancy the sarcastic manner in which he would have described the embarrassments of a minister saddling himself with the responsibilities of theatrical management. The opening of museums on Sundays was a measure which he secretly favored, but he would not have quarrelled with the Sabbatarians by saying so. It was obvious from his views about London, that he would have approved a very wide measure of municipal reform: he was indeed not the kind of man to be afraid of a monster municipality, but to hear him talk about vestrymen, when the competency of these officials was called in question by reformers, would have made one think that he was satisfied with the present government of London as perfect. Disraeli was sometimes gently reproached for his inconsistencies by intimates who could speak to him plainly without giving offence; he used to stroke his chin with a good-humored look of profundity, and plead the necessities of his position: "A man cannot play high stakes every night: you must husband your best ideas until there is something to be won with them." "I hold a brief for certain interests," was another of his saws. "If my clients won't accept all my advice, I must speak as they instruct me." Then he could always take refuge in the argument that measures introduced by his opponents had to be combated because of the unwoven purposes for which they were brought forward. He used to relate with

great relish an anecdote about a Buckinghamshire clergyman who had gone down to the Senate at Cambridge to vote for a number of University reforms. But as the reforms were moved one by one, the clergyman kept shouting with all his lungs: "*Non placet.*" A friend expostulated with him on this inconsistency: "Why, you told me you had come on purpose to support these reforms." "Ah, yes," answered the reverend gentleman, "but see in what queer company I found them."

Disraeli was too much bent on giving his adversaries no chance of tripping him up in public. He speaks in "Tancred" of that "fatal drollery—a representative government," and he was really not made to be a Parliamentary minister though he excelled so conspicuously in party tactics. He despised the means he used, but used them on the principle, "I'll show you that I can play the game as well as you." He could not be called disingenuous, because there was no crafty concealment of his opinions from men to whom he could speak unreservedly, knowing that no unfair advantage would be taken of his utterances; but once he had learnt that—in Pickwickian phrase—there is a Parliamentary sense to be attached to words in distinction from their cognate meaning, he used his experience with consummate circumspection. He would have done better to have set less store by tongue-fence, for there was no natural duplicity in his character, and he was heard at his best when he spoke according to his first impulses. For all this, it must be remembered that sneers were the weapons which he had found most effective against the malice of his enemies. They hated him for his perspicacity—it was no Parliamentary hatred, but an active antipathy born of dread—and he could never give expression to a noble sentiment without provoking spiteful titters on the opposite benches. His ironical manner, his affected scorn of sentimentalism, were assumed by way of reprisals; but it may be observed with some regret that the whole tone of debating in the House of Commons was distinctly lowered by the animosities which forced Disraeli into the position of a sardonic contemner of impassioned eloquence. Gladstone under his mocking eye learned the science of elaborate periphrasis and retraction; even Palmerston dropped his airy John Bullism, and prosed in prudent sentences which would have satisfied an attorney; while Robert

Lowe for being bumptious was annihilated. It is pleasant, however, to remember how good-natured Disraeli could be when he saw a disposition to treat him with courtesy. Where would Mr. Vernon Harcourt have been now if he had not taken warning by the masterly castigations which Mr. Lowe received; and ingratiated himself with the Tory leader?

No Conservative can look back with pleasure upon any part of Disraeli's action in passing the Reform Bill of 1867. Whatever may be thought of that measure by men who have no strong political opinions, it was one that could not square with any principles which genuine Conservatives hold. It was plainly the bill of a politician, whom long disappointment had rendered reckless—who saw the years of his strength slipping away, and could not resist the temptation of outmanœuvring his opponents, and making a snatch for power. He "dished the Whigs," but his action was tantamount to that of a general who should blow up one of his own citadels, not because it was weak, but because it was troublesome to defend. It is never a sign of good statesmanship to part with a principle; and as a matter of fact the inconsiderate enfranchisement of a million of uneducated men has yielded none of the results which Disraeli anticipated. The Conservative reaction of 1874 had nothing to do with the extension of the suffrage, but was caused by the blunders of the first Gladstone ministry. Mr. Gladstone, who had been a first-rate financier and orator, showed what all judges of his character had long suspected, that he was not an able prime minister; but the demonstration of this truth would have been apparent to a more limited electorate than that of 1874, nor is it likely that smaller, more intelligent constituencies, having once withdrawn their confidence from the erratic Liberal leader, would have restored it to him lightly. Again, looking merely to his own personal interests, Disraeli played a wild game of speculation, when he drove men like General Peel and Lord Salisbury to secede from him. After the general election of 1868, he had distinctly lost the confidence of the most conscientious men in his party. He kept a good Parliamentary following, but country gentlemen, clergymen, quiet, unambitious Conservatives who talked over his policy by their own firesides, could find no satisfying arguments to defend it. At this time a pronounced hardness became noticeable for a time in Disraeli's manner.

He grew curt of speech, defiant; a lady said of him that his bitterness and forced serenity were often painful to witness. This mood was but transitory, however. It wore away when the mistakes of the Gladstone ministry enabled him once more to take the field, recover his prestige, and rally his scattered forces. But it was lucky for him that the Liberals in power did make mistakes passing the endurance of the most long-suffering nation; and not less so that he had no rival to fear in Lord Salisbury, who sat among the peers, instead of in the Lower House. Disraeli kept his leadership in 1869, and returned to the premiership five years later, principally because there was no man of sufficient skill or ambition in the opposition ranks to form a Conservative cave.

When power came to him at last, Disraeli had unconsciously lost some of his faculties for exercising it. His mind had not aged, but his character had lost resolution. He had so long been accustomed to lead minorities, and to adopt the tactics necessary to weak armies contending with superior forces, that he hardly understood how complete was the personal ascendancy he had gained by his victory at the polls. That he keenly enjoyed his triumph is well known; but there was a good-humored magnanimity in his avoidance of all exulting utterances in public, which might add to the mortification of his cruelly wounded rival. When a minister retires from office it is customary that he should have a personal interview with his successor to explain to him the condition of affairs in his department. Mr. Gladstone deemed it would be too humiliating to have such an interview with the Tory premier; and he left a subordinate to give the customary explanations. Nor did he see fit to offer any apology for his transgression of a courteous rule. He had become over-earnest, as Disraeli had himself been in his younger days. He chose to look upon Disraeli's triumph as a usurpation, a personal slight put upon himself; he washed his hands of the whole affair, and draped himself in his self-consciousness of rectitude, quivering all the time with a holy anger. It is said that a curious scene occurred on Mr. Gladstone's last day in Downing Street, when Mr. Lowe ventured to reproach him with having dissolved Parliament prematurely. The beaten chief turned upon his lieutenant, and denounced him with all the indignation of a prophet: "Did he (Lowe) think,

forsooth, that the miserable question of getting a Parliamentary majority had entered into his (Gladstone's) calculations, when the promise of abolishing the income tax had been made to the electors? He (Gladstone) had acted according to his duty, and had 'left the issues with the nation, caring nothing, except for the nation's own sake, what the result was. So much the worse for the nation if it was stricken with ingratitude and folly," etc.

A day or two after Mr. Gladstone had thus delivered himself, Mr. Disraeli, shaking hands with Lord Salisbury after a too long estrangement, was remarking to him: "I should like to say something civil to Gladstone about the admirable order in which he has left the Treasury. I believe such compliments are usual—but in my case they are sincere. Yet Gladstone is so sore, I hear, that I should hardly like to take any step which he might misunderstand." In the upshot, Lord Salisbury undertook to convey the complimentary message to the ex-premier, but it was coldly received. Mr. Gladstone's irritation had not yet cooled. "He looked," said an eye-witness of the scene, "like a man whose house has been broken into, and who is congratulated by the burglar upon the quantity and quality of the plate in the cupboard."

The great mistake of Mr. Disraeli as a premier with a majority, was to forget the causes which had brought the Gladstone ministry to its fall. Chief among these was a foreign policy which had humiliated the country.* No British statesman had ever spoken in such poor, doleful language of Great Britain's mission in the world; and Mr. Disraeli, who read the national character with far more shrewdness than his rival, should have been on his guard against putting into the Foreign Office a politician like the present Lord Derby. The late Lord Derby said of his son: "His mind is like Mahomet's coffin,

* The same low tone of foreign policy was exhibited when Lord Russell was foreign minister. During "the meddle and muddle" policy of Lord John Russell, who interfered to advise but never backed up his advice, ministers had so reduced the influence of England, that they were obliged to warn the Opposition that England must not overrate her influence. This drew from Disraeli the following stirring protest: "He would rather that his tongue were paralyzed than advise the English people to lower its tone. Yes, he would rather leave the House forever, than tell the English people that it overrated its position. He left these delicate intimations to the glowing patriotism of the gentlemen of the new school. For his part, he deplored their policy and defied their prophecies, but he did this because he had faith in the people of England, in their genius, and in their destiny."

hanging between the two loadstones. He sees so much to say on both sides of a question, that he ends by folding his arms and imagines that is taking action." When Mr. Gladstone started the Bulgarian atrocity agitation, Lord Beaconsfield (he had left the House of Commons by that time) saw clearly enough that the noisy band of Radicals who joined in the outcry for abandoning the traditional policy of the empire, did not represent popular feeling: he nevertheless let himself be persuaded by Lord Derby into acting as if the agitators had the constituencies behind them. History will judge very severely the conduct which Mr. Gladstone pursued in thwarting the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, simply to turn a Tory Cabinet out of office. There was no political honesty in a single sentence Mr. Gladstone uttered in defence of Russian aggression in Turkey. Whilst he was in power he had co-operated in maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and he had never spoken a word to show that he dissented from a policy which was that of Whigs and Tories alike. His sudden conversion to the idea of a humanitarian, civilizing Russia as preached by writers like Madame de Novikoff, would have been a strange thing enough even if it had been genuine; but it is impossible to consider it as genuine in the face of the extraordinary recantations which Mr. Gladstone has made about foreign policy since his return to power. What can one think about the consistency of a statesman who denounced the purchase of the Suez Canal shares as an alarming piece of policy, but who, eight years later, was sending an army of occupation into Egypt? What would Mr. Gladstone have said if the Beaconsfield Cabinet had undertaken the Egyptian war?

But Mr. Gladstone's vagaries afford no excuse for Lord Beaconsfield's curious surrender of his own better judgment to that of Lord Derby, who ought never to have sat in a Conservative Cabinet. If the British government had interfered in the Russo-Turkish struggle after the Turkish victory at Plevna, the mass of the nation would have supported it in its policy, and not England alone, but the whole of Europe would have benefited from the thwarting of Russian designs. The Berlin Congress brought but indifferent compensation for the valuable advantages which might have been reaped a year earlier on the Danube. But even

after the Berlin Congress, Lord Beaconsfield, through failing nerve, once more allowed himself to be diverted from action which would have conduced so greatly to the interests of his party. If Parliament had been dissolved immediately after Lord Beaconsfield's return from the Berlin Congress, there can be little question but that the Conservatives would have been returned in an overwhelming majority. The Liberals admitted that much at the time: and Lord Beaconsfield was desirous of putting his fortunes to the touch. Hesitating counsellors dissuaded him. Mr. W. H. Smith said that it would be "a political crime" to dissolve at that time — meaning that the Conservatives were so sure of victory that the battle would not have been a fair one. But would the other party have paused before such a finely-drawn moral scruple; and did Lord Beaconsfield ever get the credit of declining battle from excess of chivalrousness?

It is pleasant to turn from Lord Beaconsfield's mistakes to the recollection of how calmly and worthily he bore his defeat in 1880. There was no murmuring on his part at national ingratitude, no complaining of his fall, no denunciation of friends who had misadvised him, and no venom against enemies. He was staying at Hatfield when the unexpected news of the Conservative reverses arrived; but he would hear no word spoken against Mr. Gladstone for his speeches during the Midlothian campaign. "I shall be curious to see how Gladstone makes good his words now," was all he said.

He left office with a dignity which saved his fall from any appearance of humiliation, and the most honorable among his opponents felt ashamed of the scurrilous abuse which had been lavished upon him. At the last dinner he ever gave, at his house in Curzon Street, a few weeks before his death, Lord Granville was present, and some allusion having been made to Mr. Gladstone's health, Lord Beaconsfield said in his pleasantest voice: "He is a wonderful man; I envy his health,* and perhaps some other things in him."

* "As I gazed into his pale and haggard face, [at Berlin during the Conference] I involuntarily thought of all the conflicts he had passed through, the disappointments he had experienced, the agonies and torments he had suffered, and the lofty courage with which he had triumphed over them all. I thought of his genuine sympathy with the common people whose cause he had defended, and with the oppressed race to which he was never ashamed to belong . . . and I saw him all at once in a more attractive and ideal light, and almost against my will, a feeling of sympathy took possession of my mind." — GEORGE BRANDES.

From The Contemporary Review.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

PARIS, 8th September, 1883.

FATE seems determined to remove, one by one, all those who, by their position or their personal qualities, might have been called to influence the political destinies of France. It is now several years since the death of the Prince Imperial struck a fatal blow at Bonapartism; it is eight months since the death of Gambetta broke up the republican group which seemed likely to preponderate for the present in the direction of French policy; and now the death of the Count of Chambord, after weeks of dying, must profoundly modify the position of the two royalist parties, Legitimists and Orleanists.

All political parties are agreed in doing reverence to the last of the French Bourbons; all the journals, with one accord, pay homage to the character of the Count of Chambord. But this unanimity, while it is a striking testimony to the virtues of Henri Cinq, is at the same time a demonstration of the weakness of his party and of the principle he represented, for political opponents are not apt to be so generous to a foe they have really dreaded. The Count of Chambord was, in fact, less the representative of the monarchy than the symbol of the death of the monarchy. He was the ghost of a great thing passed away; the feeble echo of the ideas of an earlier age. He could neither understand his own time nor be understood by it. He stood so far apart from all living and present reality that he regarded himself, and was regarded by others, less as the successor of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. than as the heir of St. Louis. He was less a Bourbon than a Capet. He was a living anachronism. He had all sorts of virtues: his private life was irreproachable; he had dignity of speech and bearing, kindness and affability, patience in adversity, and an unswerving faith in the justice of his cause; but he failed to unite with the virtues of a saint the qualities that might have made him a king. His mind was wanting in breadth and suppleness; he had no acquaintance with practical things, no energy in action. Brought up and living all his life in exile, he had become, so to speak, an abstraction; he was the visible form of a dead principle — legitimacy. Absolute as a dogma, abstract as a formula, this melancholy guardian of an empty ark had an indisputable grandeur. Immaculate and incorruptible, he

ennobled and purified for posterity the end of a royal race, whose glory had been tarnished by the criminal errors of a Louis XIV. and the baseness of a Louis XV. The white page he has added to their history has the purity of ermine, the monotonous and melancholy lustre of moonlight on tombs. This truly royal greatness, and the retirement in which he lived, redeemed what might have been a little ridiculous in the comedy of etiquette which was played in the court at Frohsdorf. He performed with perfect seriousness his part as future king; he carried on a very active personal correspondence with his agents in all the departments; he kept abreast of all political occurrences; he had even elaborated a scheme of government, chimerical enough, no doubt, but not without marks of originality and ability. He had a conception of his own of a monarchy absolute in principle, and having the sole initiative both in legislation and in administration, but controlled by a Parliament which should have the exclusive power of voting the budget. This Parliament was to be composed of a Lower Chamber elected on a very democratic basis, and of an Upper Chamber nominated by the king out of certain prescribed categories of eligibles. To Henri Cinq the monarchy was essentially a tutelary and paternal power, whose social (I was almost going to say, whose socialistic) function must largely consist in succoring the poorer classes, and in trying to bring about a better distribution of property and a juster remuneration of labor by reorganizing the workmen's corporations, and endeavoring to recreate the social hierarchy destroyed by the Revolution. The Catholic Church would naturally have been the cornerstone of the new constitution; and yet the Count of Chambord never dreamed of lowering his royal rights and dignity either before the clergy or before the pope. In this also, as in all else, he was the faithful heir of St. Louis.

Yet, worthy of sympathy as he was in himself, and interesting as are, in some respects, his ideas of government, he was condemned to impotence and obscurity; first, because he represented above all things the negation of the Revolution—the negation symbolized by the white flag; and, secondly, because he had for his necessary ally and main support, Ultramontane clericalism. Rightly or wrongly, the mass of the French nation has made itself a fetish of the tricolor

flag, which it regards as the emblem of the principles of liberty and equality proclaimed by the Revolution of 1789; and men of intelligence, who might have been disposed to rally to the monarchical system, will never bring themselves to submit to a clerical domination which would suppress all liberty of thought. Now the Count of Chambord remained inflexible to the last on the question of the flag; he draped himself in that white flag which has been but a winding-sheet for himself and his dynasty, and surrounded himself with all the narrowest and most fanatical of the Ultramontane party. On his deathbed he had recourse by turns to the capsules of M. Paul Bert and the water of Lourdes, to M. Vulpian and the thaumaturge Dom Bosco. His wife, devoted but unintelligent, and ever at his side, represented piety in its harshest form; amongst his habitual advisers and attendants there was not one whose mind was capable of comprehending modern science and the modern State. And yet this Legitimist party, composed of men so mediocre or so fanatical, is the only one which can serve as the basis of a monarchical movement; because it alone believes in monarchy as a principle and not as an expedient, and because it is honest, resolute, and disinterested.

Now, by a singular irony, the heir of the Count of Chambord is the Count of Paris, the grandson of Louis Philippe, who in 1830 dethroned and succeeded Charles X., the grandfather of the Count of Chambord. This circumstance should bring a great accession of strength to the royalist party, because it unites in a single camp two armies hitherto distinct, if not hostile—the Legitimists and the Orleanists. The religious question can hardly create any antagonism between them, since the free-minded spirit which animated the partisans of King Louis Philippe has given place among the Orleanists, especially since 1870, to tendencies which, if not very religious, are at least very clerical. The Count of Paris has twice declared his adhesion to the principle of legitimacy, once in 1873, by going to Frohsdorf to hail in the Count of Chambord "the only representative of the monarchical idea," and again a few weeks ago, by journeying again to Frohsdorf to receive from the Count of Chambord a farewell which seemed to have the character of a final pardon and reconciliation. At the moment of the funeral, it is true, the implacable rancor of the Countess of Chambord, by refusing the place

of chief mourner to the Count of Paris, compelled the Orleans princes to withdraw from the ceremony; but all the Legitimists, even the most ardent—including M. de Charette, the head of the old Pontifical Zouaves, and M. de Monti, the chief of the Vendéens—have formally recognized the Count of Paris as the heir of Henri Cinq. The Orleanists, on their part, have not so far added one discordant note to the concert of lamentations for the departed king and acclamations for his successor. Everything, therefore, appears for the moment to tend towards the union of royalists of all shades around the Count of Paris.

And yet it will be very difficult for this union to last. There are contradictions in the position and character of the Count of Paris, which must sooner or later bring the different factions of his party into collision. His strength in the country at a given moment must depend on the fact that, as the heir of Louis Philippe, he represents a liberal constitutional monarchy; but if he vindicates this title, if he remains faithful to the tricolor, if he poses as Louis Philippe II. and not as Philippe VII., if he does not make himself the king of the nobles and the king of the priests, he cannot fail to excite the distrust of the true Legitimists, and alienate them beyond recovery. The hatred of the Legitimists for the house of Orleans may be lulled to sleep by the necessities of the present moment, but it must sooner or later regain its force. The conduct of the Countess of Chambord and of the most intimate advisers of her husband at Goritz shows that it is still alive. At the bottom of their hearts the Legitimists still regard the Orleans princes as intriguers, as renegades to their family and the monarchical principle, as men willing to accommodate their conduct to circumstances, and always ready to fish in troubled waters; they will never forget that the Count of Paris is the son of a Protestant mother and of the most liberal of the sons of Louis Philippe, that he served as an officer in the Protestant and democratic Federal army in the American war, and that he has been the author of books on that war, and on the condition of the English workman, every line of which shows his sympathy for modern ideas which the Legitimists regard as revolutionary. Lastly, a profound animosity separates the Legitimist party from the Duc d'Aumale; and the Duc d'Aumale is the recognized leader of the Orleans family. He is marked out for their leader by

his intelligence as well as by his wealth; and his nephews have always recognized his authority. To imagine that journals like the *Union*, the *Gazette de France*, and the *Univers*, will long keep step with the *Français*, the *Moniteur*, and the *Soleil*, is to be very optimistic indeed.*

But if the Count of Paris should change his front, renounce his past, his mother, his father, his grandfather, exchange the living tricolor for the winding-sheet of the white flag, and muffle himself up in the Count of Chambord's dressing-gown and slippers and holy-water sprinkler, the situation will be still more embarrassing for the royalists. The Count of Paris must go abroad to play the comedy of kingship, surrounded by puppets, with whom he has not an idea, a memory, or a hope in common, and he will lose at a stroke all possible influence on the Orleanists, who are after all numerous in the country. For who, in reality, are the Orleanists? They are the moderate men, at once liberal and conservative, who care little, at bottom, about political forms, but who dread the republic because they believe it leads inevitably to radicalism, and from radicalism to social disorder. This party has no very clearly defined limits. Many of its members are now adherents of the republic, and should the Count of Paris become another Count of Chambord, the number of those who still call themselves royalists must seriously diminish. If, on the other hand, the Count of Paris should continue to be the representative of liberal monarchy, and if the republic shows itself at once feeble and violent, unable to maintain prosperity at home and security abroad, their number will become legion. This is the permanent danger of a republic based on universal suffrage; two or three years of discomfort and discontent, and a royalist Chamber may suddenly spring from the ballot-box.

As far as one can judge from the character for prudence and opportunism generally associated with the Orleans family, the Count of Paris will do all he can to avoid pronouncing himself on difficult subjects—the question of the flag, the question of the constitution, the religious question. He will feel that there might be difficulties in playing the rôle of Henri Cinq without his serene and majestic faith; he will abstain from doing anything which might oblige him to quit the coun-

* What we have said above has not been long in being realized. The *Union* has ceased to appear, and the *Univers* has begun a violent war against the partisans of the Count of Paris. (20th Sept.)

try. But this very prudence will deprive him of all proselytizing power, and leave the door open for all sorts of quarrels and schisms amongst the members of the royalist party.

The present ministry, M. Ferry has affirmed, will yield to no empty terrors. If the Orleans princes conduct themselves as French citizens, they will not be disturbed; if they declare themselves as pretenders, they will be requested to cross the frontier. The government can afford to be so much the more indulgent with them, because public opinion among the rural population is proving itself more and more strongly in favor of the republic. The August elections have increased the number of republicans on the Councils-General by more than a hundred; in three fresh departments the reactionary majority has been replaced by a republican majority; and, moreover, these elections have been for the most part very reasonable; the partisans of the present government have carried them almost all, and the extreme parties have had but little success. It must be admitted that it has not been the same with a certain number of by-elections for the Chamber of Deputies, which have returned extreme radicals, or reactionaries. We must not, however, attach excessive importance to this symptom; for it has often been observed that the mass of moderate electors take little interest in by-elections, and leave the field to the extreme parties, who often carry their candidate by an almost infinitesimal number of votes. But neither must we lull ourselves into a false security. If we sleep and let things take their chance, the essentially uncertain action of universal suffrage is sure to prepare us some unpleasant surprises.

Meanwhile, from a ministerial and parliamentary point of view, France is passing through one of the most satisfactory periods she has yet seen. M. Jules Ferry has fully proved himself what he promised to be — a real prime minister, assuming the effective management of public affairs at all points; and he has been able to keep a strong majority in Parliament, notwithstanding the violent and disloyal attacks of certain republicans, both in the Chamber and in the press. He had the wisdom to settle at once two great financial questions — the conversion of the *rente*, and the conventions with the railway companies. Not only were these two operations absolutely necessary to restore financial equilibrium — since the conversion diminishes by thirty-five millions the annuities payable

by the State, and the conventions engage the companies to construct at their own expense the new lines imprudently undertaken by M. de Freycinet — but they have brought home to the deputies the necessity of not disturbing the country for fear of compromising its financial situation. The discussion of these financial interests has also tended to promote public order, and provide a guarantee of stability for the ministry. They have had, however, to struggle against a good deal of ill-will. Deputies on the look-out for popularity did not fail to say that the State was being sacrificed to the great companies, and to the bankers; and the Utopists demanded the buying up by the State of all the railway lines, in order to cheapen transport. M. Allain Targé urged the purchase of at least one line, that of Orleans, in order to intimidate the others and force them to submit to harsher conditions; while M. Wilson, a daring and unscrupulous financier, strong in his position as M. Grévy's son-in-law, never ceased to oppose the ministerial projects, both openly and in secret. These projects were carried, nevertheless; and the fact that they have in no way modified the movements of railway stock on the Bourse proves that they were not inequitable.

The advantages of the magistracy law, which the ministry have succeeded in passing through both Chambers, are much more doubtful. For many years the Chamber of Deputies and the Ministry of Justice have been preparing a reform of the magistracy. Some wished for a radical change in the mode of nominating the judges, and were prepared to go back to the system of election established by the Revolution; others would have contented themselves with abolishing the unnecessary tribunals and judges, increasing the powers of the *juges de paix*, and improving the position of the magistracy generally. Unfortunately there was one hindrance to these reforms — the parochial spirit of the deputies. Nobody wanted any of the tribunals in his own *arrondissement* to be suppressed. After many fruitless attempts to come to an agreement, they concluded by voting a law of which the essential point is, not a reform of the magistracy, but the temporary suspension of the irremovability of the judges — that is to say, of the principle which is justly regarded as one of the guarantees of their independence. This was carried out by the suppression of a certain number of judgeships, and by authorizing the minister of justice to pen-

sion off, not the suppressed judges, but the judges it was desirable to get rid of on account of their political opinions. It is, in fact, a political weeding of the magistracy; from the point of view of the magistrates weeded out, it is a law of proscription. It must be allowed that there is something singularly shocking in the measure. That a government should, immediately after a revolution, take measures for not leaving the bench to its avowed enemies, may be a matter of necessity; but after thirteen years of republican government, when more than a third of the magistracy has been changed already, and fresh changes are every day taking place, to suspend the irremovability of the judges simply looks like furnishing the deputies with a means of injuring their private enemies and finding places for their friends. The law has brought down an avalanche of denunciation; and the minister of justice, having but three months before him in which to complete his task, is obliged to set about it with dangerous precipitation.

This said, we are forced to admit that some of the magistrates have recklessly incurred dislike by parading their hostility or contempt for existing institutions, and allowing themselves to be drawn into a thousand imprudences of speech and action. And we cannot but approve that part of the law which provides for the punishment of the magistrate who neglects the duties of his office.

The authority of the ministry over the Chamber was displayed again on the occasion of several interpellations, and it was shown still more remarkably in the facility with which it disposed of the violent propositions made with regard to the budget of public worship. Some of the more arbitrary spirits, fanatically hostile to Catholicism, wished at once to keep the Church in dependence on the State by means of the Concordat, and to deprive it of the means of existence by constantly reducing its endowment. M. Ferry had little difficulty in showing the injustice, meanness, and mischievousness of such a proceeding, for one of the first needs of the country at the present moment is religious peace. M. Ferry has, perhaps, not always understood this as well as he understands it now; but the letter addressed by Leo XIII. to M. Grévy shows that under the present pope it would be possible to find a basis of agreement which, without requiring great concessions to the clergy, would remove them from the ranks of the irreconcilable

enemies of the republic. Unfortunately many deputies breathe nothing but war against the Church. At their head is M. Paul Bert, whose bill for the application of the Concordat is nothing less than downright persecution. It shuts up the clergy in the Concordat as in a prison, and ends with an absurd article forbidding the admission of the public into private chapels, so that while I am allowed to hold any sort of anti-clerical meeting, I am forbidden to open my house to the faithful as soon as it is a question of attending mass. The ministry will find itself face to face with great difficulties when the time comes for the discussion of this burning subject; and still more so when they have to deal with the bill subjecting all Frenchmen to military service for three years. All the scientific and educational bodies protest against this Spartan law, which will be the signal of the intellectual decadence of France. M. Ferry is personally hostile to it; most of the deputies think it absurd; but it furnishes so fine a theme for levelling declamations that it is doubtful whether they will have the courage to refuse it.

These are the cares of the coming year. For this year home affairs have been pretty calm. The condemnation of Louise Michel to five years of solitary confinement for having presided at the pillage of the bakers' shops on the 9th of March has led — notwithstanding the threats of the anarchists — to no outrage on the jurors who condemned her. The violent attack of M. Laisant on the venality of his colleagues, and the revelations of M. Boland, a Belgian financier, who professes to have given sixteen thousand francs to two deputies, caused but a momentary sensation. M. Jules Ferry, in his able and eloquent speech at the inauguration of the monument in commemoration of the oath of the *Jeu de Paume*, was able fairly to turn the tables on those who attacked and disparaged him, and to say that public opinion was with him. Without any of the gifts that dazzle the crowd and command popularity, M. Ferry has succeeded, by his courage and his political probity, in acquiring an authority which no minister had possessed before him.

It is on the foreign horizon that the dark spots are seen; and, notwithstanding the skill and firmness of M. Challe-mel-Lacour, they are far from being all dissipated as yet. The misunderstanding with England assumed at one moment somewhat serious proportions, whether

on account of the accusations brought by the English against M. de Lesseps, or on account of the action of Admiral Pierre at Tamatave. Public opinion was for the moment strongly excited against the English, but this feeling soon gave way before Mr. Gladstone's fair and impartial manner of dealing with both questions, and thanks also to the conciliatory spirit shown by the French ministry. Moreover, the brutal and ill-timed attack on France in the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, the official organ of M. de Bismarck, soon brought about a *rapprochement* between the two countries. This episode makes one think of the wolf and the lamb. As the wolf accused the lamb of spoiling the water he was drinking by stirring up the mud twenty paces down the stream, so the Berlin journal accuses the French press of disturbing the peace of Europe by its noisy threats of revenge. The accusation was received with amazement in France, and indeed by all Europe. We had the good sense not to get angry, but to inquire into the meaning of it. Was it intended to influence public opinion in Germany, or to make France feel her weakness in the presence of the German Empire, and discourage her making any attempt to form alliances which might be distasteful, if not hostile, to Germany? It is not easy to be quite sure. But whatever may have been Prince Bismarck's intention, the arrow went a little beyond its mark, and his journal has since been endeavoring to diminish its effect by articles of a more conciliatory nature.

Public opinion is, however, less occupied with the more or less enigmatical attitude of Germany than with the expedition to Tonquin. Notwithstanding the resistance and the anxiety of a few politicians, who complain that France is scattering her forces and undertaking more than her power of colonial expansion admits of, the establishment of the French protectorate at Tonquin is generally desired by all who are capable of forming an opinion on the subject. The colonization of Cochin China has produced excellent results, and Tonquin is healthier and more fertile than Cochin China. The Annamites ask no better than to be rid of the pirates who infest their rivers, and the first attempts at commercial establishments have been successful. For the rest, France was settled in Tonquin already; it was only by the inconceivable carelessness of the government of the 24th of May, 1873, that the posts we had established there were abandoned, the

death of the heroic Francis Garnier left unavenged, and the active and intelligent merchant Dupuis iniquitously ruined. A very strong public opinion had long been calling for the restoration of an effective French protectorate in Tonquin — a protectorate which had been recognized, moreover, by the Treaty of 1874. Hanoi was accordingly reoccupied; but a fresh disaster drove the government to more energetic action. The commandant of Hanoi, Henri Rivière, one of the most brilliant of our officers of marine, and at the same time known as a novelist, the author of two little masterpieces, full of wit and fancy, "*Pierrot*" and "*Cain*" — a man of chivalrous nature, at once ardent and melancholic — was killed in an ambuscade. It was decided to organize a military occupation of Tonquin, to suppress piracy in its waters, and to obtain from the sovereign of Annam a treaty similar to that imposed on the bey of Tunis. The difficulty is not with Annam, but with China, who claims to exercise over Annam a suzerainty about which she has not troubled herself in the least for the last century. It is not generally believed in France that China seriously thinks of fighting in defence of possessions which she has practically long ago renounced; it is thought that either she hopes to obtain some advantages by her menacing attitude, or she is acting under the influence of European powers who wish to hinder the activity of France. But it is felt that the government ought to have shown more energy in carrying on the diplomatic campaign with China, with a view to a settlement; and the question is raised whether M. Bourée was not somewhat too hastily recalled from his embassy, when his convention might have been used as a basis for such an agreement. There is an obscurity about this question which the minister for foreign affairs would do well to dissipate.

The death of Commandant Rivière has not been the only loss which France has suffered during these last three months. We have lost one of our best writers, the eminent political publicist and professor, M. Ed. Laboulaye. He first made his reputation as a jurist and a man of learning by his very important works on the history of the system of property and of the condition of women, which opened to him the doors of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres. But during the last years of the empire he became one of the most popular and approved repre-

sentatives of liberal ideas, both in his pamphlets, such as "Paris in America," and, more particularly, in his lectures on comparative legislation, at the Collège de France, which he made the vehicle of an eloquent and forcible indictment against the empire. His influence over the young men of the schools was immense; but he lost it all in a single day by his defence of the *plébiscite* of 1870. It was not, however, out of any sympathy with the empire; it was in accordance with his American democratic theories. The same thing accounts for his powerlessness a little later to exercise any real influence either in the National Assembly or in the Senate, of which he was an irremovable member. His mind was unpractical; he could not adapt his theories to circumstances; he wanted to bend the facts to his theories. Yet he was original, brilliant, and invariably high-toned. He never stooped to seek popularity; he was unchangeably faithful to the liberal ideas of which he had made himself the apostle; he preferred this fidelity, which condemned him to perpetual isolation, to the temptations of power and the opportunity of playing a conspicuous part in public affairs. His most durable reputation will not, however, be that of a politician, but that of a jurist. He will be remembered as one of the founders of the study of historical law in France.

Not long after M. Laboulaye, died M. Defrémery, another professor of the Collège de France, an excellent Arabic scholar, and also an authority on the literature of the seventeenth century, with which he had a peculiarly delicate acquaintance. And now we have just lost an author who, though he never wrote in French, had made France his adopted country, and had been adopted by her as one of her most illustrious novelists — Ivan Tourgénéf. From the time when the petty persecution of the Russian government obliged him to leave his native land, he settled in France with his friends the Viardots, paying only short occasional visits to Russia. It was at Bougival, near Paris, that he died on the 3rd of September, of a painful disease from which he had been suffering for more than two years. His works were often translated into French from the manuscript itself, and appeared simultaneously in French and in Russian; and though he depicted Russian types and manners exclusively, his reputation was as great in Paris as at St. Petersburg, and he passed with the general public for a great French writer.

He has contributed, more than any one else, to make Russia understood in France, and to create a sympathy between the two nations. Contemporary Russia lives complete in his works. In his "Memoirs of a Russian Nobleman," or "Recollections of a Sportsman," he has given expression to the sufferings, the melancholy, the poetry, of the Russian country-folk, and prepared the way for the emancipation of the peasants; in "*Une Nichée de Gentils-hommes*," he has depicted the monotonous life of the lesser gentry, living on their small fortunes in the heart of Russia; in "Dimitri Roudine," in "Smoke," and in "*Les Eaux Printanières*" we find those Russian types which are met with all over Europe — those nomads whose incoherent brains are seething with all sorts of ideas, social, political, and philosophical; those spirits in search of an ideal and a career, whom the narrow and suffocating social life of Russia has turned into idlers and weaklings; those worldlings, with their eccentric or vulgar frivolity; those women, amongst whom we may find all that is most cruel in coquetry and most sublime in self-devotion. Last of all, in "Fathers and Sons," he has revealed, with a prophetic touch, the first symptoms of that moral malady of Nihilism which is eating at the heart of modern Russia, and in "Virgin Soil" he has given us a faithful and impartial description of the society created by the Nihilistic spirit. Tourgénéf is a realist; his personages are real, his pictures are drawn from the life, his works are full of true facts; but he is at the same time a true artist, not only in virtue of the power with which he reproduces what he has seen, but because he has the faculty of raising his personages to the dignity of human types of lasting truth and universal significance, and because he describes, not all he sees, but only what strikes the imagination and moves the heart. He is wholesomely objective; he does not describe his heroes, he makes them act and speak; the reader sees and hears and knows them as if they were living people — loves them and is sorry for them — hates and despises them. Tourgénéf is one of those novelists who have created the greatest number of living types; he is one of those in whom we find the largest, the most sensitive, the most human heart. He has shown, like Dickens, all that warmth of heart can add to genius.

In the midst of so many losses we still retain amongst us the old poet, who, with M. Mignet, is left almost the sole repre-

sentative of the literary epoch of the Restoration; and while the literary activity of M. Mignet ceased some years ago, Victor Hugo continues to produce a new work each spring. This year he finishes the series of historico-political poems which he calls "*Légende des Siècles*" (Levy), and which forms in all five volumes. We must not expect the octogenarian poet to surprise us with a renewal of his thought — with some fresh work to equal or surpass the "Contemplations" or the "*Châtiments*." It is not to be wondered at if he falls into an old man's reiterations, and if the philosophic poems in the present volume repeat what he said in the "Contemplations" or in "Religion and Religions," and the political poems what he has said everywhere. The "Vision of Dante" is a feeble echo of the "*Châtiments*," and the "*Quatre Jours d'Elciis*" is a long diatribe against kings, nobles, soldiers, and priests which reproduces what he has already said in "Ratbert" and elsewhere. Notwithstanding these inevitable signs of failing strength, it is astonishing to see how much of his native ardor, taste, and imagination remains to the old poet. He says the same things, but he says them in a new form, with new words and new images. There are some charming pieces in this volume, as, for instance, the "*Chanson des Doreurs de Proue*," a hymn to Love, the passionate eloquence of which is worthy of a poet of twenty; and some philosophic verses which we cannot refrain from quoting. After energetically protesting against those materialists who drag man down to the level of the brute and refuse him his immortality, he cries: —

Mourir n'est pas finir, c'est le matin suprême.
Non, je ne donne pas à la mort ceux que j'aime.
Je les garde, je veux le firmament pour eux,
Pour moi, pour tous, et l'aube attend les ténébreux.

L'amour en nous, passants qu'un rayon lointain dore,

Est le commencement auguste de l'aurore.

Mon cœur, s'il n'a pas ce jour divin, se sent banni,

Et, pour avoir le temps d'aimer, veut l'infini;
Car la vie est passée avant qu'on ait pu vivre.
C'est l'azur qui me plaît, c'est l'azur qui m'enivre,

L'azur sans nuit, sans mort, sans noirceur, sans défaut;

C'est l'empyrée immense et profond qu'il me faut,

La terre n'offrant rien de ce que je réclame,
L'heure humaine étant courte et sombre, et pour une âme

Qui vous aime, parents, enfants, toi ma beauté,
Le ciel ayant à peine assez d'éternité.

This volume of Victor Hugo's has been the only literary event of the last few months; but several works of erudition have appeared which deserve notice. The most remarkable of these is M. Giry's work on the "Establishments of Rouen" (Vieweg, 2 vols.). It is not a study of the municipal institutions of Rouen alone, but of a vast collection of towns whose institutions were more or less copied from those of Rouen — Poitiers, Tours, St. Jean d'Angely, Niort, La Rochelle, Bayonne, etc., etc. It is, in fact, a chapter of the history of the communal movement, which M. Giry has given in minute and accurate detail. He lays down the essential principles for the study of this history. We must not attempt, with Augustin Thierry, to separate the communal and municipal institutions according to geographical divisions; nor waste time in trying to trace them back to very doubtful Roman or Germanic sources; we must determine the genealogy of the municipal charters themselves, ascertain which are the oldest and most important, and find out in what ways they have been transported from town to town, copied, and imitated. M. Giry brings out very clearly the policy of the French monarchy with respect to the towns, the little liking it had for complete communal liberty, and the efforts it made to subject all the towns to its own influence. Finally, he shows that the communal movement was not an insurrection against the feudal system, but the adaptation of town life to a feudal society — the entrance of the towns into the feudal system. The towns become, in a word, feudal persons — vassals and suzerains. The kings who wish to destroy feudalism attack it in the towns, as well as under its aristocratic form.

It was under Louis XI. that the conflict ended in the triumph of the monarchy. The work of M. René de Maulde on "The Marriage of Jeanne de France" (Champion) throws new light on the character of the crafty tyrant. Louis XI., who destroyed feudalism, nevertheless held to the feudal rights of the suzerain over the marriage of his vassals, and used them to make some very queer marriages. The worst was that of his own daughter Jeanne, a poor deformed girl, incapable of having children, whom, for that very reason, he forced on Louis of Orleans, whose power and ambition he dreaded. The marriage was comic enough, apart from the misery and humiliation of the poor sacrificed princess. Her married life was a long martyrdom, and her di-

voiced a happy release. She spent the rest of her life in doing good to the population of Berri, which had been given her as an appanage, and was deservedly honored among them as a saint. The story is at once droll and touching, and M. de Maulde tells it with feeling and humor.

A story in which tragic and comic elements certainly abound, but in which the element of pathos is wholly wanting, is that of Cardinal Carlo Caraffa, which M. G. Duruy has just reproduced with great literary skill (Hachette). Nephew and minister of Pope Paul IV., Carlo Caraffa was mixed up with all the political and diplomatic affairs of his uncle's pontificate; greed and ambition were his only motives; the nepotism to which he owed his greatness was the cause also of his fall, and he perished under Pius IV., the declared enemy of the Colonnas. The Italy of the sixteenth century breathes again on the canvas of M. Duruy, with its magnificence and its vices, its political astuteness, its artistic splendor, its intense passions, its cruel and corrupt manners.

True Italians of the Renaissance were those Bonapartes who burst into Europe from Corsica, at the opening of the nineteenth century, and seized it as their prey. Colonel Jung, who had already brought out some curious documents on the youth of Napoleon, has just completed the publication of the "Memoirs of Lucien Bonaparte" (Charpentier), which add more than one interesting feature to what was already known of the strange relations of Napoleon with his family. At the same time the Baron Du Casse's "Crowned Brothers of Napoleon" (G. Baillière), lets us into the secrets of the disorderly life of King Jerome in Westphalia, and gives us a faithful picture of the state of that unhappy kingdom, exhausted by the pressure of the Napoleonic system.

The Revolution and the empire retained much of the immorality but little of the grace of the eighteenth century. But we miss none of its grace in the charming volume on Mme. d'Epinay (Levy), just given us by MM. Perey and Maugras. They are the last years of that fascinating and unhappy woman, years embittered by the misconduct of her husband and son, but consoled by the devoted friendship of Grimm, and by acquaintance and correspondence with the most gifted and illustrious men of the time — Voltaire, Diderot, Galiani. We find in this new volume unpublished letters from all these friends;

and still the most exquisite letters are those of Mme. d'Epinay herself, in which the finest and most delicate feminine wit is united with a passionate eloquence sprung from the heart.

We may notice, lastly, a book of great importance as bearing on the history of the institutions of ancient France — the second and third volumes of M. Vuitry's "*Etudes sur les Institutions Financières de la France*" (Guillaumin). These two volumes bring us down from St. Louis to Charles V. The author has given his work a considerable range, not tying himself down to the study of purely financial questions taken by themselves, but connecting them, on the one hand, with the historical development of the royal domain, and on the other with judicial and administrative institutions. This extension of the subject was indeed necessary to make it really understood; for the old French monarchy, which had become essentially a fiscal despotism, had for many centuries no regular system of taxation, and drew its revenues entirely from its domains and its feudal rights; so that, in order to study its finance, it is necessary to study the extent of its domain and the nature of its feudal relations; while, at the same time, the financial functions of the royal administration were never distinctly separated either from the purely administrative, or, more especially, from the judicial. There was such a confusion of powers and functions that it is impossible to study the institutions of the time with any approach to thoroughness without studying them all together. What lends a peculiar interest to M. Vuitry's book is, that it is the work not of a professed historian, but of a statesman who was long president of the Imperial Council of State; a man thoroughly experienced in affairs, and particularly in financial affairs. He brings a really wonderful lucidity to the analysis of the complicated machinery of administration. His book is not so much a new contribution to research as a vast synthesis of the partial results obtained by other workers on the difficult subject of the monarchical institutions of the Middle Ages.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-lettres has had this year to award the biennial prize of twenty thousand francs, founded by the emperor Napoleon III., to be bestowed on the author, artist, or man of science whose works have done most credit to France. Each of the five sections of the Institute awards the prize in turn; and, except the French Academy,

which has always had the meanness to give it to one of its own members, the sections have always excluded themselves from the competition, in order to bestow it on men of distinguished merit who are not yet members of the Institute. M. P. Meyer has been chosen this year, after having been run very close by M. Maspéro, the director of the museum at Bou-lak, and the worthy successor of Mariette. M. P. Meyer owes the distinction accorded to him by the Academy, chiefly to the fact of his having been the author of the most remarkable discoveries of unpublished documents made during this century. We owe to him, in particular, the work of Primat on St. Louis, and the French poem on "*Guillaume le Maréchal*" (William Marshall), which he discovered quite recently among Sir Thomas Phillipps's MSS. Again, a few weeks ago, he discovered at Ypres the fragments of a poem on Thomas à Becket. M. P. Meyer is almost infallible as a critic and philologist, and the disinterestedness with which he has devoted his whole time and energies to the work has won for him universal esteem.

Beyond these literary and scientific incidents, which after all interest but a narrow circle, there is but one thing which has moved the public mind since the rising of the Chambers—the frightful disaster at Casamicciola. The fête given in Paris for the benefit of the victims has brought in three hundred thousand francs—an enormous sum at this time of the year, when the rich are all away from home; and on all hands the opportunity has been seized to show the Italians that no political disagreements have been able to break the link of historical, ethnical, and political brotherhood which unites France to Italy. The two nations would commit a great mistake if they did not make common efforts and even mutual concessions to come to an *entente cordiale*, so necessary to them both.

G. MONOD.

From The Saturday Review.

THE EXPEDIENCY OF KILLING EMINENT MEN.

THE rudimentary form of all religion, Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, is the propitiation of dead ancestors. It is well known that the worship of the dead is the principal religion of China, and that the other religious systems, having long vainly struggled against it, have finally given in, and are fain to serve as ad-

juncts to the faith which is followed by all classes. At certain seasons the propitiation of the dead forms the occasion of a great public festival, subscriptions towards which are made by every member of the community from the richest to the poorest, each according to his capacity. Each family is expected to look after its own dead, and there is no slackness of piety in this respect, for the foundation of the worship is terror. Rich and poor, all of them, live in a perpetual fear, not only of their own ancestors, but of other people's. A dead Chinaman passes from the world of light of the Middle Kingdom to the world of darkness beyond, where, except for the darkness, everything is the same as in the world of light. There is an emperor, and there are mandarins with the regulation buttons, deep-drinking *litterati*, and the prescribed annual examinations, Yamen, policemen, and chuckle-headed soldiers who cannot pass the examinations. This would be all very well if the spirits had the counterpart of the possessions they owned upon earth. This, however, they have not. They are entirely dependent for all their comforts upon their descendants in the world of light. If the well-being of the spirits is not looked after, they come up to the world of light to avenge themselves. This vengeance they naturally carry out upon their own relatives first of all; but they are by no means particular if they come across anybody else on the way. There are naturally a certain number who are neglected by impious descendants, as well as others whose families are extinct. These, together with all who are drowned at sea, or die in battle or in foreign lands, and whose bones cannot therefore be deposited in the family resting-place, constitute a perpetual source of peril to the entire community. Hence the public subscription festivals, the chief of which, Ch'ing-ming, falls about the beginning of April. Sacrifices are then made all over China for the benefit of those whose burial-places are not known, or, if known, have nobody to sacrifice to them. The hope is by this means to provide for and appease the lost, whose irritation might otherwise endanger the peace of the whole country. The dead are of course invisible, except to those who by sustained fasting have approached to the condition of the more luckless among the spirits, or, moved by evil consciences, have seen the ghosts which come to warn them of their backslidings and niggardliness. To supply invisible beings the offerings must

themselves be made invisible, otherwise they might share the fate of the sacrifices on the Buddhist altars, which are eaten by the crows and the pariah dogs. Everything, therefore, is burnt. When a man dies, his best suit of clothes is forthwith burnt, to ensure his making a respectable appearance down below. Huge models of houses, temples, and furniture are consumed at the funerals of rich men. *Dien* is the ordinary sacrifice at the three great deceased-ancestor feasts. This *dien*, or money for the dead, is a substitute for sycee. It is thin rice-paper, coated over with tinfoil, and got up in the form of sycee. Richer people have it gilt, and the poor use instead coarse yellow paper cut into the shape of cash. At the festival of Ch'ing-ming and the other public charity solemnizations, immense quantities of *dien* are burnt all along the streets, the rivers, canals, on the bridges, at cross-roads, jungle-paths, jetties, and in fact everywhere where it is possible that a destitute spirit may be wandering in want of money to support him in the world of darkness. This ancestral worship has a complete hold on the Chinese mind. If the Tauist religion has not actually sprung from reverence for the dead, it is at least now its most fervent supporter, and the priests of that faith make much profit by mediating between the living and the dead. The Buddhist bonzes, in self-defence, have adopted the same tactics, and the filial piety taught by the followers of Confucius certainly does not tend to weaken the practical working of the doctrine of propitiation of the dead. In China, therefore, we have the most elaborate form of this propitiation of the dead; but it is not only there that it exists. Ancestral worship is the most obvious characteristic of the religious notions of the American Indians. It formed practically the State worship of Peru. The living incas worshipped their dead forefathers. The village communities do reverence to the first founder, or to some famed warrior or dreaded sorcerer, and individual families seek for peace of conscience in making offerings to their remotest ancestor, and hoard up dried corpses for the purpose of taking them round to see the crops. Dead corpses, growing crops, and pious agriculturists all derive much benefit and peace of mind from the proceeding. The method and philosophy of the Chinaman are wanting, but the idea is the same.

It might be supposed that with these views ancestor-worshippers would be as

chary of taking life as the most rigorous of Buddhists. This is, however, very far from being the case. There is no more systematically bloodthirsty fighter than your spirit-fearing Chinaman. He scoffs at lily-livered Western soldiers who rather prefer wounding a man to killing him. That is not the Chinese idea of carrying on war at all. When he has a man down, he makes sure of him and cuts his head off. Now this, in view of the worship of the dead, is a most risky proceeding. There is no surer way of getting into trouble in the kingdom of darkness than appearing there without any head. On the face of it, this suggests misbehavior above ground, and the rulers below make such a new-comer a coolie, or a boatman, or even, if he seems to be a particularly bad character, a policeman. Thus you have so many uneasy spirits created to vex living humanity to the fullest extent of their sense of injury. Their remains above ground are probably tossed about anyhow, and not a stiver of *dien* comes their way once in a twelvemonth. There cannot be, therefore, any doubt that such victims of the good old rule will do their utmost to revenge themselves for their ill-treatment on folks in the world of light. And, as a matter of fact, they do make them pay a pretty penny, which, however, goes into the pockets of the Tauist priests, and not to the sole benefit of the headless goblin. If a man gets a fit of indigestion, or if a loose window-pane rattles at night, or a beam creaks, he forthwith imagines a hungry demon devising mischief, and summons a priest next day to perform Koong-tuh — meritorious service — to quiet the sprite. A feast is laid out in a vacant room, properties are burnt to any extent, and occasionally the hierophant, besides supplying these things at his own price, sets the Goodman of the house to make a guy of himself, executing cuts and passes at particularly malevolent demons. Nevertheless, in spite of all this additional trouble caused by beheading people, there is no hope for the Peace-at-any-Price Society to establish a working branch in the Celestial Empire. There is no resisting the temptation of cutting people's heads off when one gets the chance. It is expensive, but it is worth the money. As a means of securing peace of mind, however, as far as possible, another theory has been elaborated, which, without conflicting with the main system, is yet calculated to do away with some of its most awkward consequences.

This antidote consists, not, as might be imagined, in keeping people alive, but simply in killing them judiciously. Demons of the under-world, we have seen, have the same sort of gradations among them as are to be found in the Chinese empire itself. The ideas of justice down below are not a whit better than they are in any given terrestrial prefecture. Therefore, ordinary common sprites stand in suitable awe of potent, grave, and reverend demons, and keep out of their beat. Consequently the obvious way of securing sleep of nights is to persuade some eminent devil to regard a particular earthly neighborhood as his own. If this object is once attained, inferior hungry goblins keep out of the way. Now it is obvious that it is by no means a simple matter to ensure the local settlement of a spirit, at any rate of a spirit of power and authority. It is, however, a well-established fact that a ghost haunts the place where it last saw the light, and the simplest way of securing your guardian devil is to kill a man of note in the place you want protected, whether it is your own house, or the whole village, or a dangerous bit of road. No doubt the personage thus suddenly and unwillingly converted into a shade may not be altogether pleased at the transformation, and his *protégés* have to minister very largely to his personal comfort; but this at least is preferable to being burdened with a constant succession of wandering, hungry devils, who go away as soon as their mischief-making has procured them a handful of *dien*. The established ghost vents on these tatterdemalions all the ill-humor which his creation may have aroused, and the householder finds he has made a good speculation. The great drawback to this system is that it is not always so easy to get your distinguished man. A mandarin would be a very effective person to kill for protective measures. He would undoubtedly keep the place free from devils of the under-world, but the neighboring mandarins would very speedily send his slayers to the other world also. First principles would suggest to them that such a method of securing peace in their prefectures would be highly unsatisfactory to them personally. Mandarins are therefore not available. Distinguished literates are equally contraband in this sense, for their relatives would see to it that their journey to the world of darkness was not lonesome. The most eligible material for this purpose is therefore furnished by strangers. Chinamen are, how-

ever, loth to admit that strangers have got any good qualities about them at all, which, on the one hand, is lucky for the traveller, and, on the other, accounts for the remarkably ghost-ridden character of the great part of the empire. But as to the protecting efficacy of the system, if it can only be brought into train, there is not the shadow of a doubt. Marco Polo told us of it long ago. The people of Carajan (the modern Yunnan), he tells us, made short work of any foreign personage coming among them, unless he was obviously a bad character, whose death would do no credit to the neighborhood. Then they acted after the instructions of Dogberry. This notion has a certain character of attractiveness about it. It is not only the English who have an irrepressible longing to kill something, and, as Procopius says of the people of Thule, *τὴν ἐρεῖαν σφάζει τὸ κάλλιστον ἀνθρώπος ἔστιν* man is the best game. Accordingly, nations who do not pretend to have any of the Chinese regard for the dead, whether ancestors of their own or of anybody else, have adopted this method of protecting themselves against spirits. The Burmese are quite convinced that the dead man's ghost haunts the place where he last stayed on earth, and therefore they protect their capitals and chief towns and fortresses by burying people alive at the corners of the city walls and under the posts of the gateway. The ghosts linger about and make it unpleasant for hostile intruders. Nevertheless, the Burman does not do homage to his ancestors, who, for all he knows, may be buffaloes in the next township. The victims selected need not necessarily be eminent in birth, or of fine person, or even specially intelligent, but they must be representative. Further to the westward we find that the Hazáras were wont to kill and bury any stranger who was so injudicious as to perform a miracle, or to display any remarkable sanctity among them. Such doings immediately pointed him out as a man to be secured as a ghost for the neighborhood. There is an old Sindhi tradition that when the famous Multán saint Bahá-ul-hakk came to visit his disciples at Tatta, they formed a plot to strangle him, so that the place might enjoy the benefit of his perpetual presence. The pious old man was, however, too clever for them and got away. This display of shrewdness naturally greatly increased the chagrin of the people of Tatta at the lost opportunity. Two other Multán saints, however, paid the penalty of their eminence with their

lives. The North American Indians had notions of the same kind, but they do not seem to have followed them out to their logical conclusion. When they saw any man who was distinguished for valor or strength, or excellency of any kind, they said he was Manitou, a god. It does not seem to have occurred to them to secure the Manitou to keep the spirits away. They called the English Manitous, and had no scruples whatever in killing them; but this was not so much with the view of protection against devils as because they looked upon the pale faces as devils in person. The notion has even penetrated to Europe. The Bulgarians of the Volga used to have pleasant theories and practices of the same kind. When there was any man of special intelligence among them, they said, "This man should serve our Lord God," and they forthwith laid hands on him, ran a noose round his neck, and hanged him up to the nearest tree, where the body was allowed to remain till it fell to pieces. The virtues of the deceased protected the neighborhood. This penalty on out-of-the-way excellence among the Bulgarians no doubt accounts for their crass stupidity down to the present day. The theory is even found in our literature in Southey's lay of "St. Rymuold." The villagers did not want to have the saint buried among strangers:—

Therefore, we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might,

And so we meant to strangle him one night.

The efficacy of the relics was, of course, precisely the Chinese theory. It is obvious that the idea is not by any means an isolated instance of animistic theology. It can be quite easily connected with cannibalism, scalping, and other fetichistic observances. The system might not be very satisfactory to distinguished men if it were to be generally adopted; but at any rate it is more complimentary to them than the grudging motive of the old story of Aristides the Just.

From The Economist.

THE CAUSE OF THE WEAKNESS OF FRENCH NEGOTIATIONS.

It is useless at present to discuss farther the relations of France with China. The French government has never explained where the hitch in the way of compromise is, and therefore the only certainty is, that a compromise has not

been arrived at. This is a dangerous situation, more especially as it is attracting the attention of the Chinese populace; but still in Asia dangerous situations occasionally last long, and there are reasons, hitherto little discussed, which, in the absence of accident, render sudden or rash action in this quarrel somewhat improbable. Such action could only come from France, for the Chinese government is certain not to declare war while it can help itself, and it retains in the last resort the means of restraining the populace of Peking. The struggle between the peace and war parties seldom grows acute, and is rather a struggle between Conservatives and Radicals than between men who advocate opposite policies to be adopted now and here. The Chinese government will wait, with its heavy calm, if need be, for twenty years yet before it will, without urgent necessity, engage in open war. It can, by gently urging its soldiers, as "deserters" into Tonquin, prevent any *coup de main*; it hears exactly and immediately all that is passing in Europe, and as it showed in its decided action at Canton, it dreads above all things precipitation. It is France which must fix the hour of war if it is to be fixed, and France has strong reasons for not fixing it, two of which we will give.

One is the tone of the army. It is more than doubtful if the army desires war in the far East. The moment war with China is declared the regular army will be called upon nominally for twenty-five thousand men, and really for twice that number, for the French generals always dislike to be undermanned. The colonial force is already overstrained in feeding garrisons in Tunis, Madagascar, and Tonquin, and cannot speedily be increased, or increased at all without a vote of the Chambers, and the regular army by no means wishes for the war. So exclusively is the army organized to meet contingencies in Europe, that a demand for a *corps d'armée* to be sent abroad shatters the whole organization. The private soldiers detest leaving France; they know and care nothing about Tonquin or China, and they are afraid, with too good reason, of life or death in tropical hospitals. They know how rapidly they die, and dislike a climate which for them takes away all the amenities of life, and postpones the longed-for hour of entrance into the reserve. Nor are their officers much happier in the prospect. They are torn away from all their pleasures, they do not receive high allowances

like English officers in India, and they believe, with much reason, that while their work in Asia will be hard and their risks great, their services at such a distance will be but little noticed by their countrymen. They are, moreover, intensely interested in European affairs, and most loth to leave France at a time when, as they believe, war is always upon the cards, and when they might take their share in a great, possibly even a glorious, campaign. They regard the war, therefore, as English officers would regard an expedition to Coomassie, ordered while England was being threatened in Europe, that is, as an irksome duty, to be performed, no doubt, if needful, but still if possible to be evaded. This feeling, which is universal except among a few generals who hope for high commands, is not kept secret, and is undoubtedly one reason why General Thibaudin, with all his reputation as organizer to make, is still opposed to the war.

The main check upon French hastiness is, however, this. The new position of the Chamber in France, its right of sovereignty over all departments, is not merely real, but is acknowledged, and is attended with some singular inconvenience. The Chamber is virtually the king, and is obeyed as such, ministers being quite as willing to take their orders from it as German statesmen are to take their orders from the emperor. If they dislike the orders too much they resign, but if not, they carry them out as rigidly as if they came from an individual whom their oath of allegiance bound them to obey. M. Jules Ferry in particular notoriously takes this view of his position, and would, without hesitation, send forty thousand men to Tonquin or recede from Tonquin at once, if the Chamber came in a fashion not personally insulting to himself to either decision. He would yield to his sovereign, but, unfortunately, the sovereign is away. He is absent taking holiday, and cannot be communicated with even by telegraph. His opinions are not formed till the session begins, if then, and he is to all intents and purposes in a trance, from which, nevertheless, he is sure to wake, and when he wakes he is not only an absolute, but a jealous monarch. It is no wonder, under such circumstances, that M. Ferry seems weak, that he protracts affairs, that he watches events, and that he would not be sorry if events decided for him. He is not free to act, but is bound to serve a master who, nevertheless, neither does nor can

make known what his will is. If it is for war, that war can be waged with much more energy after the will has been pronounced; and if it is against war, it is useless, as well as illegal, to declare it, for the war will not be carried on. The Chamber, with all the power of a sovereign, is not an individual, and is much less governed by the laws of honor; it would not hesitate for a moment if the war was unpopular to terminate it, and resume negotiations on the basis which its ministers had rejected with scorn. If the business of the ministry were, as in England, to decide, and then await censure or approval, they might still be strong, for they could act, and then accept dismissal; but this is not the position of French ministers in their own eyes. They think the Chamber, which is by the Constitution invested with the power of making war and peace, has moral rights, and are as uneasy while its will is not known as a king's servants would be. It is nearly impossible to be strong in such circumstances, and M. Ferry is certainly not strong enough to render a great war inevitable by a decided act. He could not ship an army or spend a million without a vote, and consequently limits his view to securing all he can without recourse to the supreme arbitrament. Whenever the Chambers have met he will be decisive enough on one side or the other, but until then he cannot practically send in an ultimatum without feeling that he is not sure that he is able to convert his threats into action. His situation, as it happens, is a guarantee of peace, but it is difficult to see how with such arrangements negotiations are to be made effective, how diplomatists are to act without fear of disavowal, or how, should war seem imminent, the government is either to face it or to make the necessary concessions. If the Chamber is to be sovereign it ought to remain always sitting, or at least to take its holidays with an understanding that it could be summoned back without notice by telegraphic message from its acknowledged agents.

From The Saturday Review.

EXTINCT MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

It was somewhere about the beginning of this century that it occurred to an ingenious scholar of Oxford, one Mr. James Beresford, fellow of Merton, to set down for the consolation of his fellow-creatures

(the expression of one's woes being itself a sensible relief) some of the minor miseries of life. He adopted for this purpose the form and machinery of groans in dialogue, the speakers being two, assisted by a young gentleman fresh from Eton, whose function it is to cap each misery with a Latin verse. We may neglect the dialogue and verses and concern ourselves with nothing but the groans, if only to discover in what respects Mr. Beresford and his contemporaries had the advantage over ourselves in solid stuff, material, and good cause for groaning. A great many groans, as may be imagined, are due to those changes and chances of mortal life which are common in every generation. Thus, in all ages, one forgets at the critical moment a story, a song, a name; thinks too late of the only effective repartee; loses in the middle the thread of an argument; stammers over a speech which should have been fluent and eloquent; finds one's watch run down and so an appointment lost; is expected to be interested in a baby; drops and breaks valuable glasses; goes a sailing and is sea-sick; has nightmares; gets splashed by a passing carriage; puts on tight boots; knocks off the edge of one's knuckles in cold weather; overfills the inkpot; upsets plates; bites out a piece of one's cheek; sets the teeth upon a stone in the bread; loses one's hair; grows too fat to cross the legs; finds a human hair in the mouth which lengthens indefinitely the more you pull it out; gets sticky fingers without any chance either of washing them or chopping them off, — all these evils are, so to speak, common to humanity. To these may be added the inevitable shower when one has a new hat; the absence of small change when it is imperatively needed; getting up early in the morning to find the rooms being swept and fire laid; with a great many other inconveniences, miseries, troubles, annoyances, disappointments, and embarrassments to which man is born as the sparks fly upwards. No doubt Mr. Beresford was happy in escaping many evils from which his grandsons suffer; he knew nothing of a shrieking railway; he had no telegrams to receive and was not troubled in his mind about a telephone; he was not expected to understand the address of the president of the British Association; there were no piano-forte organs (to be sure he already enjoyed the common barrel); he was not bullied and sat upon by advanced ladies — but let us not anticipate the groans which doubtless some modern James Beresford is already engaged upon.

Let us, however, by Mr. Beresford's help, follow a gentleman of the period through the day, and catch, as each escapes him, the groan of the moment. We begin with the first action of the day, when he gets out of bed and discovers that, through his having tied the strings too tightly, or through some nocturnal slipping of the gear, his nightcap has cut a red furrow in his forehead which will remain visible the whole day. It seems hard to believe that everybody in those days wore nightcaps, and tied them under the chin; but the evidence is quite conclusive; they were made of cotton, linen, silk, flannel, and were sometimes knitted for greater warmth. After shaving — the groans over this operation are heartrending — naturally follows washing. There are no allusions to the morning bath (a modern would groan over its absence); but we learn that a fearful danger awaited the unwary in the use of the tooth-powder, which sometimes contained too much vitriol. Do any people still clean their teeth with vitriol? The head had to be plastered over with pomatum (there is a heart-felt groan for those housewives who make their own), and afterwards whitened and stiffened with powder. Complaints are made that the powder-puff was too often "bald, wet, and clotted," which caused the powder to lie in patches. After the use of the puff the head had to be trimmed or smoothed with a blunt knife, which ought not to be (and therefore generally was) so broad as to scrape the nasty mess into the skin. As regards the rest of the toilette, there are groans over the fob; for, first, it was not easy to distinguish between the fob and the waistband, so that there was danger of dropping the watch behind the latter, when it fell down to the knees, and a great deal of unstrapping and readjustment of knee buckle was necessary before it could be got out again, and, then again, the fob was often so small that it was next to impossible to lug out the watch, and one was reduced, like the fat man in "Pickwick," to depend upon the bakers' shops. The waistcoat, over the upper part of which the coat was close buttoned, had to be tied behind tightly to show the figure. If the strings gave way, which was not uncommon, the thing stuck out in front like a tent. As for the coat it was, as represented in the frontispiece, something like the modern dress-coat, but short-waisted, with a high collar, and tight, short arms. A little white linen or lace showed at the wrists, but there was nothing like the modern cuff. The first duty before putting the coat on was to get rid

of yesterday's powder lying on the neck and shoulders. This done — every man seems to have brushed his own clothes — and the coat pulled slowly but safely on, great caution had to be observed in any sudden or violent movement. Thus cases are recorded in which some unfortunate, by merely hanging up his hat on arrival at a party, split his coat from arm to pocket, and so had to go home again in discomfiture. Being pomatumed, powdered, and dressed, our friend naturally felt for his snuff-box. It was in his waistcoat-pocket, but the lid had come open, and the contents were lying loose. This, however, was a trifling accident, not worthy of a philosopher's groan. A far more serious thing was to find when you got down-stairs that the points of your knee-buckle curved the wrong way — namely, outwards, so that they tore the stockings and "raked" the leg. The shoes were brought up blacked within as well as without, to the ruin and destruction of one's beautiful white stockings. At breakfast much the same kind of accidents occurred which still do hinder and prevent ourselves in the daily triumphal march of temper. Our groaner, however, suffered a peculiar misery in being ordered by the doctor to a course of what, we learn, were called "English teas;" in other words, the unhappy man was compelled to drink an infusion of balm, sage, rosemary, or thyme. After breakfast, it would seem that it was the custom for the master of the house to perform those household duties which are now entrusted to professional persons; thus he had to mend, patch, and cobble (of course the tools were always mislaid) any broken bit of furniture; he had also, which seems too monstrous, to bottle his own wine, and he explains dolefully how he curses the "stooping, cork haggling, finger freezing, rim hammering, bottle breaking, stocking slopping, and nose poisoning" which the operation caused him. Sometimes he had also to bottle what were called "made" wines; that is to say, the atrocious beverages which used to be compounded of raisins, cowslips, ginger, and all kinds of fruits. If, when he had worried through the domestic work, he wanted to write a letter, the quills were sure to be in want of new nibs — there is a picture representing a row of quills inconceivably shabby and disgraceful — and there was no penknife; when one page of the letter was written, there was either no sand in the glass or he emptied the ink over the page in mistake for the sand. When the letter was finally written, it

might be consigned to any friendly hand, to save postage; but it must go open, in which case one had the satisfaction of feeling that all one's secrets might be read on the way. If it was posted, it must be sealed — everybody knows the agonies which may be caused by a drop of hot sealing-wax — or wafered, when the unsightly thing was too often smeared over the whole front of the letter. All these little jobs despatched, our friend might tie the strings of his pumps and sally forth to encounter the mud, the gutter, and the possible shower. Troubles with the strings of his shoes were certain to assail him; first one string came untied, and then the other; he trod upon the loose strings, and they dragged in the mud and defiled the stockings; in the efforts to tie them so tightly that they should not come untied again some unfortunate wretches broke them altogether. Then there were many pleasant accidents happening daily in the streets; chairmen ran their poles into passengers' backs; maddened cattle charged down the road; while walking with a friend, a cart laden with a thousand iron bars would jog along beside you; the streets were full of cries, shouts, fighting, swearing, cracking of whips, and uproar.

Bombalio, clangor, stridor, tarantara, murmur.

If you turned a corner without precaution, it was quite possible that you would receive full in your face the "filthy flirtings" of a well-twirled mop — one cannot but heave a sigh at the reflection that there is scarce such a thing left as a mop, or a maid who knows how to twirl one in the old deft fashion up the bare, red, left arm and down again. It is a lost art like the tossing of pancakes, or the making of tansy pudding. Mops have gone out with pattens.

At dinner-time, whenever that may be, our friend takes his simple meal at a chop-house. It is perhaps the "Cock," which we are accustomed to consider as then at its prime of luxury. The knives and forks, we learn, were wiped, after being used, in the "general knife-cloth;" the tablecloths were scant, grimy, and coarse; the castors and salt-cellars were broken, bottomless, and ill supplied; the men who had already dined sat on at the tables watching new comers and drinking "another half gill of wine," or "another quarter of a pint of table-beer." The chop, which came after three-quarters of an hour's waiting, was half raw, half burned. The potatoes were waxy; the cheese was a rind. As for the cost of

this delicious meal, the chop was eight-pence, bread and potatoes a penny each, a pint of porter a penny farthing, and cheese a farthing. After dinner it seems to have been customary to go to a coffee-house and read the paper, while other unmannerly guests talked across you.

Dinner and the coffee-house over, our friend went home to pass the evening in profound misery, wrestling with the fire, the candle, the snuffers, the fender, and the bell-rope. The last was made of some elastic material which yielded when you pulled it and made semblance of doing its duty and ringing the bell, but the bell was not rung; then you pulled harder and succeeded in not only ringing the bell but also in dragging down the bell-rope. As for the fire, one still expects trouble with that, and is never disappointed of one's expectation. Then, as now, it went out sulky when you wanted it bright, and blazed up furiously when you wanted it out. One advantage in grumbling our friend could boast over us, when coals gave out in frosty weather, very often he could buy no more because the ships were frozen up in the river. The fender, one of those high, thin, brass things, which have come into fashion again, was also a source of danger, for people put their feet upon it, counting on its stability, and fell asleep, upon which it gave way and pitched them head first into the grate. As for the snuffers, words cannot tell the misery they produced by being dropped or upset; this generally happened at the card-table when the "black mischief" got into the cards, and so upon the fingers of the players; it is difficult to conceive of anything more truly wretched. But even the snuffers were incapable of creating a tenth part of the misery which was in the power of the candles. For, first, those in ordinary domestic use were tallow, not wax, or mould, or composite, or paraffin; but plain, uncompromising tallow; only rich people burned wax habitually; they wanted constant snuffing; they developed "thieves," "winding-sheets," and "shrouds;" if you were reading by the light of one you found that a fresh "thief" had to be dislodged every five minutes; if you went to sleep, you awoke to discover that the candle had been guttering, and a stream of tallow was flowing upon the table-cloth, and from the cloth to the carpet; then, nothing so easy to knock off the table as a candlestick, and when picked up the broken candle drooped and hung its head, and poured tallow upon the cloth; there was tallow everywhere; the cook held a tallow candle over the veal cutlets when she fried them,

and dropped lumps upon the brown bread-crumbs; the housemaid carried a dripping candle over the bread; you could not light a candle without the tallow dropping on the carpet; the last thing you were conscious of at night after you got between the sheets was a slowly expiring wick. This brings us to bed-time. It is sad to think of the miseries which awaited our grandfathers even in bed. For the mattresses were of feathers, and though the feather is held to be the softest of things, it has tiny quills, which used to stick themselves through the ticking and sheets, and convert the soft bed into a kind of prickly martyrdom; then the windows were badly fitted, and shook and banged all night long, and the furniture cracked (this disease has proved hereditary); when the watchman came round and called the hour, you could not make out what he said, and lay wondering how far the night was advanced; when he came round again you were just dropping off, and he woke you up. At Christmas-time came men, as still they come, under the windows and bawled hymns at dead of night; or you remembered that you had left a blazing fire down-stairs and got up out of a warm bed in an Arctic night to see that all was safe; or the strings of your nightcap tied themselves into a knot; or the warming-pan had been forgotten; or there were not enough clothes; or it was in the dog-days, and you were smothered in the feathers.

All these things are simple miseries of domestic life. Before we follow the poor man into society, let us just note a few of his minor woes. One is, at "a fireside circle" (are there any fireside circles now?) to sit with your ear close to a cranny with the certainty of earache. The old-fashioned wainscot, therefore, had crannies, and the crannies were draughty. Another undoubted misery — since abolished by the use of ether — was "the interval between the dentist's discovery that the tooth would be an obstinate one to draw and the actual operation." It was a cruel thing, too, to find yourself getting bald, because in those days of powder baldness was not provided for, and the bald man was fain to put on a wig, and then "how different was the reception which he got from young ladies!" Venus has never been kind to the bald head, although mention is made of a statue of Venus Calva. On the other hand, for great occasions you were obliged to have your hair curled — as well as powdered? — and the barber generally contrived to burn the scalp with every turn of

his curling-irons. At the seaside, bathing being a newly invented thing, it was considered indispensable to have a bather to dip one; this of course greatly added to the enjoyment of a bath, because it allowed one to stand shivering on the steps of the machine for half an hour or so before the man came round — do we here discover the origin of the functionary who bobs ladies up and down in ten inches of water on the coast of Normandy? Again, we may all sympathize with the sufferer who is compelled by a deaf person to repeat aloud three or four times some very weak remark; but there are no nights to be spent in a full stage-coach, nor does one travel by post and drop linchpins some twenty miles from anywhere. The Sunday tea-drinking, at which all used to sit round a table mute and gloomy, exists not in these days — except, perhaps, at Tunbridge Wells. And we moderns are no longer liable, when we go a-courting in the parlor, to be interrupted every five minutes by a maid because there is a cupboard in the room. There are no longer any parlors or any cupboards; and it is already almost forgotten that in the olden time the family cupboard (kept in the parlor, which was the common sitting-room) contained everything that was wanted for daily use — the silver spoons and forks, the jam, the family medicines, the work and work-baskets, the cheese, the spice-box, the tea, salt, pepper, and sugar, the table-cloths, the napkins, the decanters with the spirits, the port, the sherry, and the cowslip, the tumblers, the rummers, the punch-bowl, the Pope Joan board, and the lemons.

Let us follow our unhappy ancestor into society. Of course when he dresses for dinner he finds his last shoestring broken, one knee-buckle lost, the wrong coat brushed, and a hole in his stocking. If he dresses in a coffee-house — do we fully realize that people used to go to a coffee-house in order to dress for dinner? — he is certain to leave his watch, his purse, and his pocket-book on the table; if he rides to dinner, something happens to his horse, who either will not go at all or shakes him all to pieces; if he takes a coach, he is cheated and abused by the driver; if he walks he arrives overheated, and, while all the other guests are cool and fresh, he wipes his forehead, and feels the powder and pomatum slipping off his head and "besilvering" his black coat. If there were stupid people at the table, he was sure to be stuck among them; or, if there were fox hunters, naval

captains, or lawyers, he was certain to be placed in the middle of them, so as to hear nothing but professional talk. After dinner, if the handle came off a teacup (teacups were only just then beginning to have handles), it was sure to be his misfortune; when he entered a room full of ladies, he generally forgot that his pumps were new and the floor slippery, and even if he preserved his equilibrium, it was only perhaps to discover with shame that the seam of his stocking was a spiral instead of a perpendicular. When he shook the muffineer, the top came off; if he supped on oysters, he mangled his hand horribly in trying to open them; and, if it was a supper of roasted oysters, the "snatching, burning, hissing, grinning, and clattering" left him no comfort but to think of the time when it would be over. Nobody nowadays, alas! has roasted oysters except in America, while one vainly tries to picture the dismay of guests invited to open their own natives. And if these miseries were found in London, things were far worse in the country. For instance, our friend spends a week at Bath; he has lodgings in a boarding-house which is full of Irish captains, English gamblers, French prisoners, and Scotch physicians. At the assembly rooms, the country dances are performed in the midst of a frightful crush between ropes; the whist tables are arranged so that those who play the modest shilling rubber have to sit in the draught, and the comfortable places are reserved for those who play high; at the concert, the candles in the chandeliers drop tallow on the heads and shoulders of the audience; after the play there is a struggle for chairs, and our unfortunate, gracefully yielding half-a-dozen times to ladies, is forced to give up the last chair to a man who is bigger and stronger than himself. But he took the conceit out of this person the next morning at daybreak with a pair of pistols. Doubtless the prospect of the morning's entertainment enabled him to pass a most delightful and tranquil night.

There is one misery of the time which must not be omitted, and with it we conclude. Let us give it in the author's own words: "On entering the room to join an evening party composed of remarkably grave, strict, and precise persons, suddenly finding out that you are drunk (though you thought you were, and fully intended to be, rigidly sober); and, what is worse still, *that the company has shared with you in the discovery.*" After all we have much for which we may be thankful.